THE UPWARD CLIMB

A Course in Negro Achievement

SARA ESTELLE HASKIN

Mrs. Overmiller

THE UPWARD CLIMB

A Course in Negro Achievement

Developed and Recorded by

SARA ESTELLE HASKIN

Author of *Handicapped Winners*,
Building the Americas, etc.

COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS
and
MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
NEW YORK

Miss Sara Estelle Haskin, under whose leadership this course has been developed, brings to her task a deep and abiding interest in the Negro race. She was one of the group that established a co-operative settlement work in Nashville, Tennessee, known as Bethlehem Center, and was its head for the first five years of its history. This work has been carried forward by the women of her church in affiliation with Fisk University. She was also one of the pioneers in the interracial work carried on by the women of the South. Miss Haskin has had a wide experience in preparing and in editing religious education material for boys and girls of junior age.

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY
COUNCIL OF WOMEN FOR HOME MISSIONS
AND
MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Printed in the United States of America

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The course for Juniors on Negro achievement which constitutes this text is the cooperative work of a group of interested persons to whom we hereby record our grateful acknowledgment.

Credit is due Miss Rebecca Caudill for the stories to which her name is attached—to Miss Freddie Henry for her splendid work with the demonstration class and for the record of her experiences with this group—to Mrs. Wrenne Bomar for help in working out the dramatization, and to Miss May Pitts and Miss Louise Young for valuable help in conference held while the course was being planned.

It has been a joy to work with each of these in this most interesting task.

SARA ESTELLE HASKIN

Nashville, Tennessee
1927

CONTENTS

PAGE

SUGGESTIONS TO THE LEADER 7

STORY MATERIAL

A Boy Who Named Himself 17
Booker T. Washington

Strange Secrets 27
George Washington Carver

We All Got Shoes 34
Jan E. Metzelinger

Flying Spray 36
Matthew Alexander Henson

A Boy with an Enchanted Voice 44
Roland Hayes

Going Up, Sir! 52
Paul Laurence Dunbar

Seven O'Clock, Lady! 56
William DeBerry

In a Far-Away Country 65
Martha Drummer

Another Daniel Who Dared 72
Daniel Hale Williams

What Shall We Name Her? 78
Mary McLeod Bethune

Supplementary Story Material 86

SESSION PROGRAMS

Session I. *Booker T. Washington* . . . 99

Session II. *Booker T. Washington* (continued) 103

Session III. *George Washington Carver* . . 107

Session IV. *Jan E. Metzelinger* . . . 110

Session V. *Matthew Alexander Henson* . 114

Session VI. *Roland Hayes* 117

Session VII. *Paul Laurence Dunbar* . . . 120

PAGE

Session VIII. *William DeBerry* 122
Session IX. *Martha Drummer* 125
Session X. *Daniel Hale Williams* . . . 127
Session XI. *Mary McLeod Bethune* . . 130
Session XII. *Great Achievements* . . . 133

DRAMATIZATION
We Will Be Sculptors 137
BIBLIOGRAPHY 143

SUGGESTIONS TO THE LEADER

THE studies for the junior-age child contained in this text constitute a cooperative project. A group of people in Nashville, Tennessee, all of whom are particularly interested in race situations, especially the present situation as it relates to the white and Negro races, has undertaken to cooperate in working out the lessons of this text as a definite project. This group is composed of Miss May Pitts, an expert teacher of an elementary grade at the Peabody Demonstration School; Miss Louise Young, professor of Home Missions, Scarritt College; Miss Estelle Haskin and Miss Freddie Henry, members of the editorial staff of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and Miss Rebecca Caudill, of the editorial staff of the Sunday-school Board of the same church.

After this group had made a tentative selection of materials and outlined plans for the course, the help of a number of children from the junior department of one of the churches of the city was enlisted.

The enterprise which the children undertook was that of making a book which would express their ideas of what should be incorporated in this text. The responses and activities of these children are included within the pages of this book. Miss Freddie Henry, assisted by Miss Julia Reed, a Scarritt College student, was the leader of the class, and Miss May Pitts was a frequent visitor and constant advisor.

The stories used in the class were, for the most part, those printed in this text. The lesson plans have been constructed in line with experiences gained through the responses of the children. Those in charge of this work

held frequent consultations; hence, the material contained in this book is the result of group thinking.

In addition to the group first chosen, two other groups of children were enlisted for cooperation—a colored group associated with a settlement in the city, and a white group living in a near-by village.

The white group heard the stories of Negro achievement and, together with their leader, Mrs. Wrenne Bomar, worked out the dramatization, the outline of which may be found on pages 137-142 of this book.

Imperative reasons for the course

Race situations hinder the message of Jesus. It is most important to the on-going of the missionary enterprise that the racial attitudes of large groups, including even church people, shall be changed. The message of Jesus is hindered the world around because of un-Christ-like attitudes and actions in Christian America. Everywhere race situations are acute, and no less so in our own country than elsewhere in the world. Non-Christians say when they observe this that the gospel is not adequate. But the difficulty is not with the gospel; it is with the failure of Christians to put the gospel into practise.

A changed mind is a necessity. The present generation is most seriously hindered from attaining right attitudes by a social inheritance that meets them on every hand. Bitter experiences are imbedded in the social mind which result in unreasoning attitudes. These attitudes reflect themselves quickly in the reactions of children and are thus carried on from one generation to another. At present this situation is affecting our entire people. Even in sections where prejudice was at one time seemingly less, it is now growing at an alarming rate. Con-

sequently, the race problem as it concerns white and colored people has become a national problem. One may listen to conversations in any part of this country, North or South, and find difficulty in distinguishing very great differences in fundamental attitudes.

Undesirable attitudes cannot be changed except by definite process. This process must include, first of all, a knowledge of a new race which is emerging, one that has become absolutely altered within a period of sixty years. For this race the old attitudes of paternalism will not suffice. To meet the needs of this new race and to avoid serious friction, the white race must somehow find a new social mind.

This new mind can be cultivated most widely and most quickly by beginning with the children. The stories of individual Negroes who have achieved marvelous things furnish material with which to begin teaching. It is a surprise even to the sympathetic advocates to discover the number of fields in which the Negro race has made contributions. Their achievements have been made under great handicaps—in the face of poverty and despite adverse public opinion and many closed doors of opportunity. The stories of these pioneers of an advancing race are unique, with their background of hardship and their lingering atmosphere of slavery times. No group of people in America furnishes more dramatic material to satisfy the love of the heroic.

As children learn of Negro achievements, gradually there will be formed among them a new mind set which will play its part in future race relationships. Unconsciously to himself the white child will begin to think of the Negro in a new light, as a person like all other persons, as a future fellow-citizen. Soon this new attitude will begin to bear fruit in a desire for fair play and in a

more sympathetic behavior, provided the teacher can suggest and lead in lines of helpful activities.

The stories

The stories on which the lessons of this book are based are eleven in number. Under most circumstances a lesser number would serve the purpose better. Booker T. Washington's achievements alone would be sufficient for a whole course. The reason for including so many stories is in order that the large range of Negro accomplishments may be impressed upon the minds of the children. This we deem vital, as these achievements include attainments in the realms of the scientist, the artist, the explorer, the executive, the preacher, the teacher, the physician, the philanthropist, and the missionary. Indeed, there are no exclusive attainments peculiar to color; this will be evident to the children as they hear the stories.

Songs and poetry

One of the chief talents of the Negro race lies in the realms of song and poetry. American Negro folk-songs are a unique and distinct contribution to the whole realm of music. They are renowned the world over. The juniors will enjoy hearing these songs sung by the Negroes themselves. Victrola records of the Fisk singers, of Roland Hayes, and of others may be procured. Still more will the boys and girls enjoy learning to sing these songs themselves. Perhaps the help of some Negro may be enlisted to teach the songs. The inner meaning of these songs, as they grew out of slavery experiences, should be kept constantly in mind. The spirit of reverence and the appreciation of musical values should be fostered at all times.

Much of Paul Laurence Dunbar's poetry will be a de-

light to the children. The teacher should learn to interpret these folk poems sympathetically. Volumes of Mr. Dunbar's verse will be found in almost every public library.

Lesson presentation

Plans for the lesson presentation have been worked out in detail. These plans are based on an actual experience with a group of children of junior age, so that the present arrangement includes many modifications of the plans which were worked out previous to the teaching of the class.

Stories selected for the lessons will be found on pages 17-98. The teacher should tell these stories, giving much time to preparation, not only of material, but of herself so that she may enter into the spirit of the lives of those whose stories she wishes to impress on her hearers.[1]

After the story is told, a simple discussion may follow. In this discussion the children should be allowed to give back the main points and to express their own reactions to the outstanding characteristics of the story. It may be considered more desirable to conduct this discussion at the following session; if so, the outlines may be transferred accordingly. In either case, the leader should take care to impress each lesson upon the minds of the children by means of a well-planned summary of the character presented.

The teacher's problem

The teacher of this course should have definite objectives toward which each session should tend. After

1 For fuller accounts of some of the Negroes whose stories are told, the leader's attention is called to *In the Vanguard of a Race* and *Land of All Nations*. See Bibliography, pages 143-144.

thorough study and preparation she should outline these objectives so that they may be constantly in her mind as she teaches and leads the children to purposeful activity. We suggest below a number of the objectives which the teacher is necessarily seeking to work out.

1. To create a real interest in individuals of the Negro race, through stories of their achievements.
2. To create friendly attitudes toward the race to which these individuals belong.
3. To foster a sense of gratitude for benefits received from the hands of this race.
4. To inspire a sense of fair play which will result in a determination on the part of the children to see that the Negroes of their own community are treated honestly and justly.
5. To lead the class members into active good will through personal and group projects.
6. To encourage in personal conduct emulation of outstanding qualities of these heroes.

The children's problem

The teacher must also have definite objectives for the children. These must be such as are possible of attainment. The following are suggested:

1. To find out things that Negroes have done.
2. To cultivate an appreciation of persons for their worth, regardless of station or race.
3. To seek fair play.
4. To find ways of being helpful.
5. To do worth-while things.

Purposeful activity

If the characters are presented in a sympathetic manner, the mere teaching of these lessons during the class

period will doubtless result in planting fruitful seed. However, the best results can be secured by making some purposeful activity the objective of the course. Help the children to find some way to use what they are learning in service for others. Two definite plans are suggested, one or both of which may be adopted. The choice may be conditioned by local needs.

1. *A Book of Heroes.* The account given below of the work carried on with the group of white children relates the results of their activity. This class had three objectives; namely, (1) cooperating in finding material for a text to be published; (2) making one book for the Sunday-school library; and (3) making another book for a Negro institution. These books may contain stories of Negroes, written by the children themselves, lists of Negroes who have contributed worth-while things to the world, sayings both of and about Negroes, and Negro folk-songs and poetry. All these may be illustrated with pictures which the children may gather from magazines, newspapers, and school catalogs. These books should express as nearly as possible the ideas of the children, and the children should do the actual work. The stories should be typed if possible, and if the books can be bound, it will lend dignity to the enterprise as well as give the material a more permanent form.

2. *A dramatization.* A second activity is a dramatization representing the achievements of the Negro. Suggestions for this are included in the text. In this plan the main lines are left for the children themselves to work out, each lesson in the book contributing a part to the play. Preparations for this project should be begun early in the course. If the dramatization is worked out as a service activity, the class may present it before the Sun-

day school or before some other group in their own church, passing on in a definite way some of the things they have learned, thereby inspiring in others appreciation.

If there are groups of Negroes before whom the group may present the play, this should be done also, the leader finding the opportunity by contacts with a Negro Sunday school or with a public school. If your group lives in a community where there are no Negroes, it will still be a worth-while objective to present the dramatization before one of your own larger groups.

Contacts

It is most desirable that there shall be direct cooperative contacts with Negroes themselves. Where this is an impossibility, correspondence should be carried on with a denominational school. Or the children might write to some Negro they know about, asking for fact material for their book, or for illustrative material.

If actual contacts are made, they should be as natural as possible. The children might choose to carry their book to a Negro Sunday school or public school, presenting it themselves. In this event the way should be opened by the leader so that the teacher of the Negro group may be prepared with a plan of her own. One such plan might be to have her own group familiar with the songs the visitors have learned, and prepared to join them in singing. They might also add a song or two of their own.

During the course there may be a suggestion from the children of some service they can render. If so, they should be encouraged to give only that which they would desire to have given to themselves.

The demonstration class

Before final decision was made upon the material which composes this text, a group of children was selected as a demonstration class. The interest and cooperation of the pastor and the superintendent of the junior department of the Sunday school of the Belmont Methodist Episcopal Church, South, were first secured. They selected the group and secured the permission of the parents for the children's participation.

The interest of the class members was easily enlisted by telling them of the plans of the committee to print a book which should tell boys and girls everywhere about the things that Negroes have accomplished. In line with this the boys and girls themselves planned to make a book which should include suggestions for the committee—stories and other material that they wanted to include. This project, which became an integral part of the course, greatly interested the children, and the interest was sustained to the very end.

The lessons were based on the stories which were told in class. Points were discussed and questions asked about anything that was not entirely clear. Before the next meeting the children wrote the stories in their own words. On some occasions the same story was written by each member of the class. At other times special persons were chosen to write certain stories. This procedure seemed necessary in order not to overburden the children, who were already carrying a heavy schedule at school, as well as extra-curricular activities. When there was more than one story about the same person, the best was selected for the book.

It was also decided that two books should be made, one for their own Sunday-school library, and one for

Bethlehem Center, a settlement house for Negroes in the city. A printing company became interested and furnished the paper upon which the material was typed, and eventually bound the copies.

The janitor of the church had been very kind and considerate in helping the group by making comfortable the room in which they met. The class agreed that they would like to let him know that they appreciated what he had done. They finally decided that it would be a good plan to present him with a basket of fruit. Each child brought some money, and together the group went to the store and bought the things they wanted. They took great delight in planning the gift and in making the purchases, but that did not outweigh the good will which they showed in presenting the gift. One child suggested that they write on the card, "Thank you for making the fires." "No," said another, "I don't think we ought to say that."

This matter was discussed at length, and finally they agreed upon the following: "We wish to express our appreciation for the way in which you have helped to make us comfortable and happy at our special class meetings. Merry Christmas to you!"

The last class session was used to take the class to Bethlehem Center, where they saw the colored children engaged in various activities. It was especially interesting to hear the little kindergarten group singing their Christmas songs. One of Roland Hayes' records was played on the victrola, and the group listened attentively while they heard the famous soloist sing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "Steal Away."

While we were not able to accomplish all we would have liked to, nevertheless we feel that the undertaking was eminently worth while.

THE UPWARD CLIMB

A BOY WHO NAMED HIMSELF

Booker T. Washington

BOOKER was his name; not Booker Jones, or Booker Smith, or Booker Brown, but just Booker, because he had only one name. He was a little slave boy, born in a tiny cabin on a big plantation in Virginia. The cabin might not have been such a bad place in which to live, despite its dirt floor, and windows with no glass in them, and a door that looked every minute as if it would fall off its hinges, and a cat hole that let in the bitter winter wind along with the cat, except for the fact that Booker's mother was the plantation cook, and since there was not such a thing as a cook-stove in any of these cabins, the cooking had to be done over an open fireplace. Consequently, in winter the smoke in the little cabin was almost unbearable, and in summer the heat was equally unbearable, so the family had a hard time the year round.

Booker didn't spend much of his time in the cabin, however. As soon as he was big enough to toddle around, he was given odd jobs to do, and long before he could boast of very big muscles in his arms, he was given one job that would look like a mountain to most boys. This job was to take the corn to the mill. The corn was poured into a sack and someone who was strong enough, would throw it across the back of the mule. Then when Booker had the corn divided about evenly, so that there would be as much on one side of the mule as on the other, he would climb aboard and be off. But he rarely ever arrived in such fine style. When the mule started trot-

ting, the corn would jump from one end of the sack across the mule's back into the other end, and when too much of it got on one side, off went the sack, and off went Booker. Then he would tug and pull and lift with all his might, but his muscles weren't big enough yet, so there was nothing he could do but sit down beside the road and wait until someone would come along to help him get his corn aboard the donkey once more. Sometimes he would have to wait so long that it would be dark before he arrived at the plantation with his meal.

Not all of his tasks were so unpleasant, however. Some days he had to go to the big house where his master lived and shoo flies off the table while the family ate. Of course he never said a word while doing that, but he heard a great deal; and most of the talk he heard was about a great war that was being fought between the men of the South and the men of the North. If the men of the North won the war, so the master and mistress said, their slaves would be freed and could do as they pleased and go where they pleased.

At last the men of the North did win the war, and one morning all the slaves were sent for. They moved slowly, in a long procession, up to the big house. There were bent old men and withered old women, strong young men who did most of the work in the fields, and strong young women who helped them, and little black boys and girls who hardly knew what it was all about. The master came out and talked to them, telling them that they were no longer his slaves but were free to do as they pleased.

Most of the Negroes left the plantation immediately, and Booker's family was among these. His father went first, to West Virginia, where he got work in a salt mine. Soon he sent for his family—Booker's mother, his brother John, his sister Amanda, and Booker himself.

It was a great occasion, their leaving the little cabin on the old plantation. For days and nights the children dreamed of their new home, and as they helped their mother pack up their few possessions, they could talk of nothing else. At last they started out on the long journey of several hundred miles. Their furniture and what few things they took with them were carried on a squeaky old cart that was drawn by a little donkey; but the children walked the whole distance. Since it was such a long distance, they were several weeks on the road.

Booker went to work as soon as they arrived at their new home. His father had already secured a job for him at a salt furnace, and though he didn't get much money for his work, he nevertheless helped feed and clothe the family, for his father could not support all the children alone. It was hard to climb out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, only half awake, and go to the furnace to work all day. But there were wonderful things to see and learn about in that furnace to make up for much that Booker missed.

One great attraction was two figures that were branded on all the barrels of salt that Booker's father filled. One was just a straight line, like this—1. This was easy to make, and often when Booker found anything on which he dared to write, he would make a 1. But the other was different. It curled around into something very pretty, like this—8, and it looked so mysterious that Booker spent a great deal of time thinking about it. Although he did not know what to call it, he knew that these two signs stood for something. He told his mother about them, but she couldn't help him for no one had ever taught her that they stood for the number 18.

When Booker's mother found that her boy wanted to learn to read and write, she got a spelling book for him,

and in that spelling book he found the key that unlocked the door to the treasures of the world. Late at night when he came home from his work at the furnace, he would pore over his book, and when his mother had the time to spare, she bent over the book with him, trying so hard to help him make out the meaning of the mysterious letters. But neither of them succeeded very well.

Then one day something exciting happened. The fathers and mothers of the little Negro boys and girls living in the community thought they and their children ought to know how to read and write, so they sent for a teacher. When he came, he found a very queer class of pupils. Some were so small that they could scarcely walk; and some were so old and bent that they could scarcely walk. But since none of them knew how to read, they all started to learn from the same book—a blue-backed spelling book. Many of the pupils could not attend school in the daytime, so they came at night; and since they could not learn enough to satisfy themselves in six days, they took their spelling book to Sunday school on Sunday and studied it there.

With this chance to learn, Booker was beside himself with joy. On his first morning in school he sat very prim and very still outwardly, but he was very excited underneath. The teacher began his work by asking each pupil in turn his name, and writing it for a roll. John J. Jones, Leonidas R. Hall, Frederick M. Calhoun, Peter T. Poindexter—on went the list of names. Suddenly Booker's heart began to thump wildly against his flaxen shirt. These boys each had two names; he had only one. Obviously he must have two. Nearer and nearer down the row of seats came his turn, and just at the very moment when the teacher called for his name, he had an inspiration: "Booker Washington," he answered. Why the

second name came to his mind, he never knew, but from that time on he was Booker Washington. Later someone told him that his mother had called him Booker Taliaferro [1] when he was very small, so he put that between his first and second names and gained a very excellent name—Booker Taliaferro Washington, or, for short, Booker T. Washington.

After a time something happened that turned Booker's little world upside down. "You cannot go to school any longer," his father said to him. "We need all the money you can earn at the furnace." The boy's heart was almost broken. When the teacher saw how very much he wanted to learn, he offered to teach him at night. So Booker got out of his bed at four o'clock in the morning and worked till night at the salt furnace; then, with his book under his arm, he started off to school.

One day Booker heard some men talking about a wonderful school for Negro boys and girls. It was very dark in the mine, and he slipped as near as he could to hear all they were saying. When they went away, he said to himself, "I shall go to that school some day," though just how he intended to get there he hadn't the slightest idea. He set out at once, however, to find a job that would pay more so that he could begin saving some of his money.

Not long after this he began to work at the house of a Mrs. Ruffner, and his work there was as different from his work at the salt furnace as daylight is from darkness. He became a Jack-of-all-trades, doing anything and everything, from drying the dishes to mending the garden fence. And he did everything "just so," too, for Mrs. Ruffner would not allow him to do things half way.

1 Pronounced Tŏl-e-ver.

Every dish must be in its place; every floor must be spotlessly clean; every broken paling in the fence must be mended. Maybe that sounds like a very hard job, but Booker soon learned that Mrs. Ruffner was one of his very best friends, and that if a boy would amount to anything at all, he would do well to learn that cleanliness and thrift are manly habits.

By hoarding a penny here and a penny there from the money Mrs. Ruffner paid him, Booker soon had enough to start for Hampton Institute, the Negro school about which he had heard the men talking in the mine. The day he left was a great occasion among the people of his race, because no boy had ever gone from their community to Hampton. Old men gave him a nickel or a pocket handkerchief, to show him how proud they were of him; and some wished him so well that they gave him a quarter.

It was about five hundred miles from Booker's home in West Virginia to Hampton Institute. The boy had not gone far on his way before he realized that the amount of money he had saved would not see him through to his journey's end. When he arrived in Richmond, Virginia, he had not a penny left. He walked the streets for several hours, and then, because he was miserably cold and because he did not know where to go, he crawled under a board sidewalk and went to sleep. All night long he heard the occasional tramp, tramp, tramp of people walking over his queer roof. When he awoke, next morning, he saw that he was near a wharf, where a ship was unloading pig iron. He applied to the captain for work, hoping to get enough money to buy his breakfast. The captain gave him a small job, and when he saw how well the boy did his work, he asked Booker to continue. All day long the young boy unloaded the heavy pig iron,

and at night, putting his little satchel under his head for a pillow, he again went to sleep under the sidewalk.

Booker worked on the wharf until he had saved enough money to continue his journey. Then he thanked the captain of the vessel and was off again on his long journey. When at last he caught sight of the large, three-story brick school building that was Hampton Institute, his heart all but stood still, and he forgot that he had ever been tired or sleepy or hungry.

As soon as possible he presented himself to the head teacher and asked for permission to enroll as a student at Hampton. The head teacher looked him over. Was this a tramp? She wasn't quite sure; he looked like one, his clothes were so ragged. She did everything but encourage him; but he would not be put off. He lingered around and did all he could to impress her with his earnestness. After a time, hoping to be rid of him, the teacher said, "The adjoining recitation room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

Booker knew that this was really an examination. It was certainly a queer one. He felt sure that this would be to the teacher a test of his earnestness and his character. He went to work; and it is safe to say that never has a room been cleaned quite so well. He swept it once, he swept it twice; he looked in all the corners and under all the furniture—and swept the third time. Then he got a cloth and dusted. He remembered Mrs. Ruffner—and dusted again. He tried making letters on the chair with his finger—and dusted again. And then, to be quite, quite sure, he dusted again—four times in all.

Then the teacher appeared. She was the sort who knew just where to look for dirt. Into the closet she went, and rubbed her finger along the shelf. It was spotless. She sniffed in the corners. She rubbed her fingers

over the chairs. Then she looked at Booker. "I guess you will do to enter this institution," she said.

He was assigned the task of janitor, and though this meant getting up long before daylight in order to clean all the rooms and study a bit before class periods, the boy somehow managed it. Three years Booker stayed at Hampton, and during those three years he worked and studied and learned a great deal. Some of the things he learned were not to be found in books. He learned that it is honest and noble and good to work with one's hands. He learned that the people who get the most out of life are those who try to help others. He learned also that his own people can do wonderful things when they have been educated to do them.

One day in June, 1875, Booker Washington graduated from Hampton Institute at the head of his class.

Six years later a white man and a Negro living in Tuskegee, Alabama, wrote a very important letter to General Armstrong, president of Hampton Institute. They told him they wanted to open a school for Negro boys and girls living in Alabama, and they asked him if he knew anyone who could take charge of the school. General Armstrong did know the very person for the place, and immediately he sent for Booker T. Washington.

Mr. Washington went to Tuskegee. He was expecting to find a schoolhouse already built and pupils waiting for him. What he did find was an old church which was to be used as a schoolhouse, and a run-down shanty that, in an emergency, might also be used. Some young men might have been discouraged, but not Booker Washington. He hired an old mule and a little wagon and set out to visit the Negro people living in the little cabins near Tuskegee. He stayed in the homes of these people, he learned what they had and what they needed to make

them better and happier. He told them about the school he was going to open.

At last, on the morning of July 4, 1881, the door of the old church was opened wide and through it passed thirty pupils, some of them as much as forty years old, and not one under fifteen.

After a short time Mr. Washington bought a tract of land and made plans for new buildings, though he didn't have one cent of money with which to pay for anything. But one of his teachers, Miss Davidson, got up all sorts of programs and entertainments. The white people in the town of Tuskegee gave some money toward the project, and the Negroes, wanting to help all they could, brought whatever they happened to have. Some brought five cents; some brought sugar cane; others brought quilts; an old woman seventy years old hobbled in on her cane, bringing her offering of six eggs. At last they had collected five hundred dollars, the amount they needed to buy the lot.

But putting up buildings was another and a harder problem. Mr. Washington decided from the first that the students themselves should put up the buildings. Some of the young men who had come to learn Greek and Latin didn't like to stand for hours knee-deep in mud pits making bricks, and a few of them left. But more stayed, and when the first building was finished, they were as proud of it as they could be.

Mr. Washington and his assistants did their work so faithfully and so well that a great many people who were interested in giving Negro boys and girls of the South an education, gave large sums of money to the school. In 1915, when the Institute was thirty-four years old, it owned twenty-four hundred acres of land, and the United States Government gave it twenty thousand acres for an

endowment. There are now at Tuskegee Institute two thousand students, and along with the education they receive from books, they are taught many useful trades. Both girls and boys have their own dormitories There is a beautiful big dining-room to which is attached a well equipped kitchen and bakery. The Institute has its own electric light plant, its hospital, its library, its chapel.

Mr. Washington traveled all over the North, the South, the East and the West. Everywhere he went, he made friends for Tuskegee Institute, friends who gave him money to carry on the work of the school. And everywhere he went he made friends for the Negro race, for people began to see that the Negro boy or girl, if given the chance, can really do something significant in the world. Mr. Washington was accorded every honor any man could wish.

In the fall of 1915 Mr. Washington became very ill. He was in New York at the time, and noted physicians held a consultation. Finally they had to tell him that he had but a few hours to live. "I must start for Tuskegee at once, then," he said. He lived to reach the school he loved so well, and as the train drew near the town, a smile came over his face. It was good, he felt, to be coming home again. Early on the morning of November 14, 1915, he died, and for the next few days the spacious grounds of Tuskegee Institute, were packed with people, colored and white, old and young, rich and poor. They had come because they regarded Booker T. Washington as one of the greatest men who had ever lived.[1]

—By Rebecca Caudill

1 See also *In the Vanguard of a Race*, pp. 16-29.

STRANGE SECRETS

George Washington Carver

THERE were once some little peanuts that had a very romantic career. The seed was planted in the black fertile soil of Alabama and they grew and were cared for day by day. When they were ripe, they were taken from the ground and found their way into the workshop of a very famous scientist, who broke them open to see what was inside. What he found is another part of this story; but so many wonderful things were hidden there that the Ways and Means Committee of our national Congress at Washington sent for the scientist and asked him to tell them something about it. Of course he took the peanuts with him and introduced them to all the very important, very busy men on the Ways and Means Committee. They, in turn, were so charmed to make the acquaintance of the inside of these peanuts that they passed a law just for the purpose of taking care of peanuts.

But the scientist, who as a boy learned many strange secrets, is more important than the peanuts! His name is George Washington Carver, and he was born in Diamond Grove, Missouri. His father and mother were slaves, and because the birth of a baby slave was not considered an important event, no one knows when this little boy was born. It is true his father might have known, but he was run over by a wagon when little George was only a few weeks old and died very shortly after the accident. And his mother surely would have known, too. But one night very soon after the slaves had been freed at the close of the Civil War, George's mother heard stealthy footsteps outside her cabin door. Suddenly the

door burst open, and masked men seized her and her baby George and carried them away in the darkness. These men intended to take their captives into Arkansas and sell them for a large sum of money. But on the way little George became very ill with whooping cough. This made him a burden, and the men didn't want to be bothered with him. They might have left him by the roadside had not a man who lived in a cabin near by agreed to take him and keep him. It was in this way that little George was separated from his mother, and he never saw her again. Whether she was sold or whether her captives ever arrived in Arkansas, George doesn't know.

As for the boy himself, he was eventually returned to his mother's former master. This master, when he had learned that his slave and her baby had been stolen, had sent some of his servants in search of the two. He gave the servants a splendid race horse and a sum of money that they might buy back his former slaves. The servants found only George, but the man who had agreed to keep him liked the race horse immensely. George still had the whooping cough, he might not get well; the race horse surely was a bargain. So the two were exchanged, the man taking the horse, and the servants taking little George and carrying him home.

For ten years the little Negro boy lived on the farm of his former master, whose name was Carver. When he was big enough, he did odd jobs around the house. He worked in the garden and among the flowers, and he carried water to the men who worked in the fields.

One day George picked up a flower and pulled off its petals and studied the way in which the seeds were stored up. At another time he watched the bees about their work. He noted the colors of a butterfly's wings. He studied the little pieces of rock he picked up on the hill-

sides. And he wondered about these things. What were the rocks made of? How was life so mysteriously hidden away in a little brown seed? How could a little bee make delicious honey? Why were the colors of a sunset so beautiful? Who made all these things? And then he had a very bold thought. "Why can't I make things as wonderful as these?" he said to himself.

So great was the curiosity of this little Negro boy that he decided to find out the answer to all his questions. In some way a book fell into his hands. Hour after hour he spent trying to make out the queer syllables, and when Mr. Carver saw how very much George wanted to learn to read, he told him he could go to a school ten miles distant from the Carver farm. How proud and how happy George was then! For two years he stayed at this school, until he had learned everything the teacher could teach him.

Then he decided to go to Fort Scott, Kansas, where there was a high school he might attend. It is a long way from Diamond Grove to Fort Scott—at least it is a long way to walk, but George started out, alone. When he had been walking for a day, a wagon overtook him and offered him a lift. Gratefully he climbed aboard and continued his journey.

At Fort Scott George finished high school and then was ready for college. He made out his application blank carefully and sent his credits to a college in Iowa. The committee looked over his papers. Yes, they would be delighted to have a student as industrious and as well prepared as this young man seemed to be. And George, very happy, went up to the little college town in Iowa. He got to the door of that college—but he got no farther. The committee took one look at him and packed him off in a hurry—because his skin was black! Poor George

was sick with disappointment. Was he not to go to college after all? He had no money so he had to go to work at once.

He opened up a laundry in the town, and because the students knew how disappointed he was, they gave him all the work they could find for him. After a few weeks he went to Winterset, Iowa, where he got a job as head cook in a large hotel. For almost a year he stayed at Winterset, and although his salary was not large, he hoarded a penny here and a penny there so that when the time came for the colleges to open, he started out again, this time to Simpson College, at Indianola, Iowa, where he was accepted as a student.

After paying his fees, George had just ten cents left. He went to a little store and purchased two tubs, a washboard, a cake of soap, a box of starch, and box of blueing on credit, and proceeded to open a laundry. Because it took the students a week to learn that George Carver really wanted to wash their clothes, he had to spend his dime for food. Five cents he spent for corn meal and five cents for beef suet, and on this he lived for one whole week. At the end of that time, however, the students had begun to bring him enough laundry to keep him busy, and for three years he studied at Simpson and supported himself by washing clothes outside of lesson hours.

In addition to the regular course, George studied art and music. Then he decided to take a special course in Iowa State College, at Ames. He had heard that in this college there was a very splendid course in agricultural chemistry, and because he still wanted to find out about flowers and plants and trees, he packed up his belongings and went to Ames. When he had taken his first degree in this college, he was put in charge of the greenhouses. Here he helped the other students in their study of plants.

After a while, by hard study, he earned his second degree, and then he was ready for his real life work.

It was just at this time that Booker T. Washington was looking for a man to take charge of the science department he was opening up at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. He heard of George Carver and sent for him. Down to Alabama Mr. Carver went to teach science to the Negro boys and girls who came to Tuskegee. He expected to find a well-equipped laboratory, but when Mr. Washington took him into the room where he was to conduct his classes, he saw not one single piece of equipment for teaching science. But he was not discouraged. He gathered his students and sent them into the alleys of Tuskegee to collect all the bits of broken dishes and pieces of rubber and bits of wire that they could find. With these he equipped his laboratory.

Very soon things began to happen in that laboratory, for this scientist was making wonderful discoveries. He needed more time for such work, so the college authorities told him to stop teaching and devote all his time to experimentation.

Would you like to know something about these discoveries? First Mr. Carver went to a near-by hill and scooped up a bucket of common clay. At least it was common to everyone but Mr. Carver. To him it was something mysterious and wonderful. He took it back to the laboratory, got his chemicals and his microscope, and went to work. He found that by separating the clays of Alabama into their different colors, he could make all shades of paints, calcimines, and stains. He says that in clay there are millions of tons of undiscovered things that we may use. A Montgomery newspaper wrote: "Professor Carver has shown that there is enough coloring matter in Alabama to dye beautifully all the garments

of the nation." Out of these clays and sands Professor Carver has also made face powder and cold-creams.

Then one morning Professor Carver dug a small basket of peanuts, took them to his laboratory, and closed the door. He had seen peanuts growing all around Tuskegee. What could he make of them, he asked himself. Long days and nights he worked, separating them into different parts. At first people laughed at him. Nothing can be made of a peanut, they said. But Mr. Carver did not listen to them. He stuck right to his job, and one morning the world awoke and called him famous.

Just at this time the Ways and Means Committee of Congress had been discussing a tariff on the peanut. What is the use of a tariff on peanuts, asked some of the members. A peanut has no value. But some of the members of that committee had heard of George Carver. They knew that he had made several things from a peanut, and they sent for him to come and tell them about what he had made.

Now on the day appointed a great many men from all parts of the country had been sent for to address this committee on various subjects. No one of them had been granted more than five minutes, but there had been so many that some of the members of the committee were getting very tired and sleepy. Three or four of them yawned and looked quite bored. They weren't particularly interested in what the speakers were saying. Then George W. Carver was called to speak.

"What do you know about the peanut?" he was asked.

Some of the men laughed. What could a Negro know about a peanut? What was there to know, anyway? What was a peanut but a peanut!

Mr. Carver had no time to lose. He began telling them at once of the many things he had made of peanuts.

Suddenly they became wide awake and listened very closely. They had never heard anything like this. The five minutes were up and Carver started back to his seat.

"Wait, old fellow!" they called. "You've got something to say. Go on!"

Then Carver showed them sweet milk that he had made from peanuts, buttermilk, cheeses, cooking oils, salad oils, peanut brittle, peanut wafers, butterscotch, candy kisses, a substitute for flour, breakfast foods, soaps, nineteen dyes, cow feed, chocolate bars, butter, lard, axle grease, quinine, linoleum, and rubber. One hundred and ninety-five things Mr. Carver has made of peanuts—and every day that he gets a chance to work he adds something else to the list.

Mr. Carver has also made wonderful things from sweet potatoes. He has made flour, dyes for silks and cottons, instantaneous coffee, fourteen kinds of candy, meal, starch, several kinds of paste, mock cocoanut, tapioca, cattle food, pickles, breakfast foods, imitation green ginger, rubber, molasses, and ink.

Thomas A. Edison at one time wanted Carver to come North and work with him in his laboratory, but Mr. Carver would not go. He said, "I want to stay in Alabama and help the farmer. The farmers of the South can live by raising peanuts and sweet potatoes. I am going to stay right in Alabama."

Many great honors have come to George Carver because of his discoveries. In 1924 he was awarded the Spingarn medal which is presented each year to that member of the Negro race who has to his credit the most outstanding achievement. He has also been made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain.[1]

—*By Rebecca Caudill*

1 See also *Land of All Nations*, pp. 1-19.

WE ALL GOT SHOES

Jan E. Metzelinger

JAN E. METZELINGER was born away out in a country ruled by the Dutch, called Dutch Guiana. His father was a Dutch engineer who had come from Holland to manage the building of some great government works. No doubt little Jan loved his home and his mother as other little children love their homes and mothers. As a little boy he probably had the same kind of good times that other boys who live in a village have—playing, and hunting through the woods, and trying to hear what the grown folks say to one another as they talk about the things that are happening every day. And so he grew to be a man.

Just how Jan Metzelinger got to the United States we do not know. At one time he lived in Philadelphia, where he worked at the shoemaker's trade, earning a living for himself. Day after day he worked, and as he hammered away at the shoes he was shaping with his hands, he began to think about something that other people did not seem to be giving much attention to. He realized that the shoemaker's business needed greatly a machine that would shape shoes. Such a machine would do the work far faster than any hand could possibly do it. "Why cannot this be done?" he asked himself; and the more he thought about it, the more certain he became that it could be done. "I am going to try to figure out the how of it myself," he decided; "then we shall see what we shall see!"

Just where he did the figuring is not known. Probably at home. Many, many nights he must have worked at the idea, fitting together bits of iron and wire and wheels.

Then one day, would you believe it, the machine he had put together worked. It really did the job! He had some pieces of leather all ready for it, and these he put into the machine. Whirl! Whirl! buzzed the wheel. Then on to the last went the shoe. Its leather was gripped and pulled down around the heel, nails were guided and driven in, and the whole shoe, completely finished, dropped off. It was ready to be set on the shelf.

Just the thing! How happy Jan Metzelinger was! How he wanted to shout the news to everybody! But his good sense told him that he must get a patent first from the Government Patent Office at Washington. Then nobody could steal the idea from him and claim it as his own. That is what Metzelinger did. He got a patent and then gave his lasting machine to the world.

It does seem that the inventor ought to have reaped the reward for this great benefit to mankind. But he didn't. The hard work he had done, both in the shop and on his machine, had ruined his health. He died soon afterwards, when he was scarcely middle-aged. This was in 1889.

The patent to this first lasting machine was bought by a manufacturing man, who installed it in his business and so turned a little shop into a big factory and a one-man ownership into a big corporation. More than five thousand people now work for this company. Its factories are so many that if you should put all the ground their buildings occupy together, you would have twenty acres.

We should indeed be grateful to Jan Metzelinger, for by making it possible to manufacture by machinery almost twelve times as many shoes in a year as were formerly made by hand, the price of shoes has been made so low that almost no one need go barefoot unless he wishes to.

FLYING SPRAY

Matthew Alexander Henson

MEN who know say that a boy whose cheek has been touched by the flying spray of the salty sea will never be content to remain at home. This may or may not be true, but at least it has happened once.

When Matthew Alexander Henson first saw the Potomac River winding away through the green valleys of Maryland, he wondered whence it came and whither it was going. He watched the boats as they went sailing past his home, on and on till he could see them no more. Perhaps he thought that some day he would follow that winding river and find out for himself what became of the boats.

One day when he was still a young boy, he ran away from the uncle with whom he had been living since his mother's death, and went to Baltimore. Down to the wharves he found his way, where great vessels were docked. From the holds of these ships men were unloading mysterious cargoes gathered from all parts of the earth—from South America, from Europe, from China and Japan. Little Matt watched them, round-eyed. He watched as other ships, having taken on their cargoes, turned their noses to the open sea, bound for quaint towns and queer cities of which he had never even dreamed.

He edged his way through the crowd to the nearest ship. Stevedores were rolling great packages of freight on to the ship in wheelbarrows. Matt looked on a minute. "Say," he heard himself ask one of the stevedores, "reckon I could get a job on that boat?"

"Have to see the cap'n," answered the stevedore as he trundled his load on to the boat.

Almost without knowing how it happened, Matt found himself on deck in search of the captain. He thought the first uniformed man he saw was the captain, and although he wasn't, it did not matter. The boy swallowed hard and began. "Cap'n, have you some work on this boat I could do?"

"Think you'd like a trip?" asked the man in uniform, with a twinkle in his eye—he had heard before of boys who wanted to run away from home and go to sea. "Where's your mother?"

Matt told him that his mother was dead and that there was no reason why he should not go to sea if he wished to. The man listened very closely. Then he took the boy to another man in uniform, who listened to the same story. Soon Matt found himself signing his name to a paper, and a few hours later, when the boat weighed anchor and put out to sea, Matthew Alexander Henson, cabin boy, was on his way to China.

While he was on this voyage, Matt learned everything that he could about ships, and soon he became an able-bodied seaman. For four years he followed the sea, sailing to China, Japan, Manila, North Africa, Spain, France, and through the Black Sea to southern Russia.

One day when he was on shore in America, Henson went to the city of Washington, and there he had the good fortune to meet a man whose name will always be remembered when men tell tales of bravery and adventure. This man was Robert E. Peary, a civil engineer in the United States Navy, and he needed someone to go with him to Nicaragua. He looked the young Negro over, asked about his record as a seaman, and then asked Henson to go with him.

For three years Henson worked with Peary, assisting him in whatever way he could. Then one day Peary announced to Henson that he had a very different task to perform and he needed his help. He was going to explore the frozen country of Greenland, with the hope that some day he might reach the North Pole. Would Henson go with him? And because Henson was always eager to visit unknown countries, and because he was very courageous and not afraid of hardships, and because he knew he could perform a great service for his country if he went, Henson said yes to Peary at once.

Seven times Peary and Henson made their preparations and set out for the prize at the top of the world, Peary commanding, Henson carrying out his orders obediently and well. Seven times they failed.

On July 6, 1908, the little group of explorers set sail on the *Roosevelt* for the eighth trip. This time Peary intended to keep going until he should stand on the top of the world.

As the boat lay at anchor off Long Island, President Roosevelt came aboard to bid the explorers good-by and to wish them success. Then up came the anchor and the ship and its courageous men were off for the frozen North. On the way they stopped at various ports to buy dogs of the Eskimos, and to take on food supplies for the winter. During the last days of the voyage the *Roosevelt* had to fight against almost impassable ice for every foot of the way. The handful of explorers feared they might never reach Cape Sheridan, but they did not talk about it much. Instead, they worked away at all hours of the day and night. Henson worked continually on the sledges which were to be used when they left the ship and set out on the ice for the last stretch of the journey.

At last they reached Cape Sheridan, which was as far North as the ship could go, and everyone in the party was anxious to be off for the Pole. Before they could start, however, there was much work to be done. There were sledges still to be finished, the language of the Eskimos who were accompanying the explorers to the Pole had to be interpreted, everybody had to have warm suits made of skins, and the dogs that were to draw the heavy sledges over the ice had to be trained for their tasks.

Finally the day arrived when the explorers, in parties of five or six, left Cape Sheridan and went in the direction of Cape Columbia. Henson had with him three Eskimo boys, four sledges and twenty-four dogs. They had to have food and supplies for the trip, so the sledges were loaded with pemmican (little cakes prepared of dried meat), fat, dried fruit, biscuits, tea, and alcohol. Snow was drifting, and the north wind was howling about them. Sometimes they could steal a short ride across the ice on their sledges, but most of the way they had to pick their path through the ice.

They were several days in getting to Cape Columbia, and more than once Henson's Eskimos wanted to turn back or to dump part of their heavy load from the sledges, for often they had to push them over the ice. But Henson would not listen to such a plan. "We will make Cape Columbia tomorrow and will have to do no back-tracking," he told them one day. "We are moving forward. I have started for a place and do not intend to run back to get a better start." And because of his courage, the little group at last reached Cape Columbia, and there they rested until the entire party had arrived. From Cape Columbia the expedition was now to leave the land and sledge over the ice-covered ocean four hundred and thirteen miles north to the Pole.

At daybreak on March 1, 1919, the explorers were all excitement and attention. A furious wind was blowing, and the temperature was fifty-seven degrees below zero, but at six o'clock Henson and his group were beside their sledges, awaiting the signal to start. For a short distance the going was fairly easy, but soon the trail plunged into ice so rough that they had to use pickaxes to make a pathway. After about a mile of such going, Henson's sledge split in two. "Trouble number one," said Henson to himself, and called a halt to repair the sledge.

The wind was howling furiously. Henson unleashed his dogs, unloaded his sledge, got out his brace and bit and bored new holes. But he had to take plenty of time for this, for in such cold there was great danger of the steel bit breaking. Then with ungloved hands he threaded the sealskin thongs through the hole, but in doing so, his fingers froze. He stopped work, pulled his hands through his sleeve, put them under his armpits until he felt his fingers burning; then he knew they had thawed out. Then he started to work again and continued the sewing, freezing, and thawing process till the sledge was repaired. On they went in a hurry, for they were to lead the way. But soon Ootah's sledge broke; and only a little distance farther on Kudlooktoo's sledge went to pieces, so badly broken that it could not be repaired.

At the end of the day the men were almost dead with weariness and cold. Not only was their breath frozen to their hoods of fur, but their cheeks and noses were frozen as well. They spread their furs upon the snow and dropped down and tried to sleep, but sound sleep was impossible. All through the night they kept waking because of the cold, and they had to beat their arms and feet to keep their blood circulating.

But the next day they went on. Sometimes they

came to open channels of water and had to wait until ice had formed over them so that they could get the sledges across in safety. This was extremely dangerous, because often the ice broke under the heavy weight, and more than one sledge fell into the icy water. One of the sledges that broke through was carrying extra clothing and equipment, and the load was thoroughly soaked. Ootah fished it out, and the dogs were urged on. The dogs reached safety before Henson and the Eskimos, and they watched their masters cross the dangerous ice, almost seeming to rejoice at their safety.

It was at this time that supporting parties were beginning to be sent back to camp. These supporting parties were made up of the men whose feet were frozen or who could stand the cold no longer. They were to return to Cape Columbia with dogs and sledges, and blaze the trail so that the others, on their return, could find it without trouble. The Commander himself decided who should turn back, and from that moment each of his helpers dreaded lest he should be told that he must give up the hope of reaching the Pole with Peary. First one supporting party was turned back; then, after a distance of several miles, a second party; then a third; and still Henson was allowed to go on. The men talked about it a great deal and wondered who was going to be the lucky one to remain with the Commander. They knew that the choice did not depend on luck at all, but on courage and power to endure the cold. It was going to be a great honor to be allowed to go on. The fourth party was turned back, and Henson was still allowed to go on.

On April first Captain Bartlett, the only remaining explorer besides Henson, was turned back to knit the final thread in the trail, and it was Henson who was selected to go on to the Pole with Peary! The little party

now consisted of Commander Peary, Henson, and four Eskimos. They set out bravely. On and on they marched, falling down in their tracks when it was impossible to proceed. They were forced to camp in spite of the impatience of the Commander. On the third of April they found themselves on a lane of moving ice. Commander Peary was in the lead, and half an hour later the four Eskimos and Henson followed in single file.

At one point the Eskimos were ahead, and Henson, standing and pushing at the upstanders of his sledge, suddenly felt the block of ice he was using as a support slip from underneath his feet. Before he knew it, the sledge was out of his grasp, and he was floundering in the water. He tore his hood from his head and struggled frantically. His hands were gloved and he could not take hold of the ice. But faithful Ootah, the Eskimo, saw him and grabbed him by the nape of the neck as he would have grabbed a dog. With one hand he pulled Henson out of the water, and with the other hurried the team across. Ootah stripped off Henson's sealskin boots, helped beat the frozen water out of his bearskin trousers, and they hurried on to overtake the others. They found that Commander Peary had also had a bath in the icy water.

When they halted on April sixth and started to build the igloos in which they were to sleep, Commander Peary began to unload his sledge and unpack several bundles of equipment. From under his fur outer-garment he pulled out a small folded package and unfolded it. Henson recognized an old silk flag, and realized that this was to be a camp of importance, since the flag was brought out on significant occasions only.

"Is this camp to be named Camp Peary?" asked Henson.

"This is to be Camp Morris K. Jesup, the last and most northerly camp on the earth," replied Peary. He fastened the flag to a staff and planted it firmly on the top of his igloo. For a few minutes it hung limp and lifeless in the dead calm of the haze, and then a slight breeze, increasing in strength, caused the folds to straighten out, and soon it was rippling out in sparkling color.

The next morning the Commander ordered a snow-shield built to protect him from the flying drift of the surface snow. Then he lay flat on the snow, and while he took the elevation, and made notes on a piece of paper, Henson and the four Eskimos stood around, very quiet and very much excited. Suddenly Commander Peary raised himself and announced, "We will plant the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole!" And it was done.

On his return to Washington, Commander Peary had this to say of Matthew Henson:

"I congratulate the Negro race upon Matthew Henson. He has driven home to the world your adaptability and the fiber of which you are made. He has added to the moral stature of every intelligent man among you. His is the hard-earned reward of tried loyalty, persistence, and endurance. He should be an everlasting example to your young men that these qualities will win whatever object they are directed at."

—By Rebecca Caudill

A BOY WITH AN ENCHANTED VOICE

Roland Hayes

THERE was once a boy who started on a long, long journey to the top of things, and one fine night he arrived. It was a very wearisome journey, for the boy had a great distance to go, and he so often lost his way that sometimes he wondered if it were worth the trouble to go to the top, or if there really were a top such as his friends told him about. At last, when he did arrive, he was very much surprised to discover that all the many roads over which he had traveled, though some of them had wound through valleys and some had shot as straight downhill as a piece of rock breaking loose from its foundations, had, nevertheless, been leading him to the very top.

The boy's name was Roland Hayes, and he was born in Georgia at a place called Curryville, which at that time was merely a spot of country, miles away from a railroad, made up of several hundred acres of land which had been set aside for Negroes who had been slaves before the Civil War. Curryville was dotted with cabins, for each family of Negroes was allotted ten acres of land on which he might build his home and raise his own small crop. It was in one of these cabins that Roland Hayes lived with his mother and father and two younger brothers.

One day when Roland's father was working in the forest, a log fell on his leg and made him a cripple for life. The three boys were too small to do a very great deal of work in the fields, and the task of making a living for the family fell to Roland's mother. Every morning, long before the sun was up, she cooked breakfast for her family, set the cabin in order, and then was off to the

fields to plow all day in the hot sun or to hoe corn or cotton. That seems quite enough work for a woman for one day; but when night fell, she returned to the cabin, cooked the meager supper, washed the dishes, tucked her youngsters into bed, and then until the late hours of the night she washed and ironed and darned and patched and labored about the house. The next morning she was up again with the sun and off to the fields with a hoe over her shoulder, singing the songs that only Negroes knew how to sing in those days. After a time Roland was big enough to help his mother, and help he did, from early morning till late at night.

But working all the time was not giving her boys an education, the mother felt, and she did so long to have them go to school and make something of themselves. As she turned the long, brown furrows in the field, she hit upon a plan. "My children will never have a chance in Curryville," she said to herself. "I shall sell my crop and the horse and cow and move to Chattanooga, where they can go to school."

Bravely she set about to carry out her plans. The boys dreamed of the city night and day. To them school was something wonderful. As soon as they could, they sold the horse and the cow and the crops and went to Chattanooga. But the horse had not been so very fat and the cow did not give a great deal of milk and the crop was none too good, so all the money they had was not even half enough to pay the rent of a small cabin in Chattanooga and send the boys to school as well. Then they got together and talked it over, Roland and Robert, the second eldest, and their mother.

"The baby can go to school," the mother decided, "but, Roland, you and Robert will have to take turns. When Roland is in school, Robert can work, and when Robert

is in school, Roland can work. I'll put Robert in school the first winter, because he's next to the baby and can't earn as much as Roland, and Roland can get a job."

So Roland started out in this city of strangers to hunt for a job. Before long he found it, in a window-weight factory. Every morning he went to his task, and though he had to lift big loads of very heavy iron, he kept dreaming of what he might do some day. At first he earned eighty cents a day. Then his employer increased his wages to one dollar a day. And after a time, because he worked so hard and so faithfully at his job, he was made foreman of a department and was paid three dollars a day.

Now those three dollars looked wonderfully big, and because they looked so big, they began to cause trouble. When it came time for Roland to go to school, he thought a long time about the size of those dollars and all the things they would buy. He had had one winter at school and maybe that was enough. Still, he could never get very far if he didn't go to school. Then he hit upon a plan. He would keep his job, work in the daytime, and go to school at night. He was so happy over this that he began to sing; and so beautifully did he sing that the foreman of the foundry forgot to tell him to stop, although he did not allow the other workmen in the room to sing.

About that time Roland joined a little church in Chattanooga, and because he sang so well, the minister asked him to join the choir. The people remarked about his beautiful voice, and some of them doubtless came to church just as much to hear him sing as to hear the minister preach. After a time the choir became ambitious and decided to give a concert. They asked Arthur Calhoun, a young Negro who was studying music at Oberlin College, Ohio, to come and help them. He listened to

the choir, then he listened more closely, for he thought he heard one voice more beautiful, clearer, sweeter, than the rest. He asked Roland Hayes to sing a solo, and when Roland had finished, Arthur Calhoun said to him: "You have a wonderful tenor voice and you must train it. You might do wonders with it."

Wonders? Wonders with his voice?

Arthur Calhoun was so interested in Roland that he wanted to begin immediately to give him lessons. "We'd better see my mother first," answered Roland, for he had a great deal of faith in his mother's wisdom.

But his mother wasn't greatly impressed. "Who ever heard of anybody making a living just singing here and there?" she asked. And because Roland couldn't tell her of anybody, she added, "Such talk is nonsense, my boy. Stick to your job."

But Calhoun didn't give up. One night he asked Roland to go with him to the home of a white man who was much interested in having his family hear the Negro boy sing. Roland went, though he thought it rather foolish. When the two arrived, they had to stand in the hall and wait for some guests to go away, and then they were invited in. At once the mother of the family and her daughters went out of the room; but when Roland began to sing, and the wonderful notes floated out, they came back, one at a time, to listen.

"Have you ever heard any of the great artists sing?" asked the white man when Roland had finished his song.

Roland was a little embarrassed. He didn't know just what the man was talking about. To show him, the man put records on a victrola. Roland sat in a kind of seventh heaven as he listened to the marvelous voices of Caruso and Schumann-Heink and McCormack. Afterwards, as he went home, he could scarcely speak. It almost hurt

him to think. What did it all mean? Did Calhoun and the white man think that he, Roland Hayes, could ever sing like that?

Calhoun began to talk to him about God's having a plan for everybody's life. Roland had never thought about a God who cared what happened to him; but as Calhoun talked, telling him of experiences in his life, showing that God did care, and that he not only cared but that he had a life plan for each person that lived, Roland was filled with wonder and joy and fierce longing.

"But has God planned for me to be a singer?" he asked.

"Train yourself and see," advised Calhoun.

So Roland began to plan to be a singer. All day long he worked in the window-weight factory; and as he worked, he dreamed; and as he dreamed, he sang. He did without things here and there until he had saved fifty dollars of his own. Then he got his mother's permission and started out to Oberlin College in Ohio, that he might learn to be a great singer. But he did not get to Oberlin.

When Roland arrived in Nashville, Tennessee, his funds were getting low. "I think I will try to make some money by giving concerts," he said to himself. But the concerts weren't a success, because of course he wasn't known in Nashville, and the number of persons who came to hear him was not large enough to cover the expense of renting a hall. Daily he watched his fifty dollars dwindle, and daily Oberlin seemed farther away. But there was a school in Nashville where he might study just as well, and he went to see the president. "I haven't enough money to pay my expenses," he told the president. "I'll have to find a job."

The president helped him find a job, and shortly afterward Roland went to work. After school and before school and on Saturdays he worked for a family in Nash-

ville, and for his work he received his food and lodging and a dollar a week.

"We will keep you in Fisk one month," the president told him. "If your record during that month is a good one, you may stay."

Never has anyone worked harder than Roland Hayes worked that month. He was nineteen at that time, and he entered the sixth grade, for you remember he hadn't had much schooling at Curryville. And when the end of the month came, he waited eagerly to know if he would be allowed to stay. He had satisfied his employer, he knew. And then he found that he had led his class as well.

From Nashville, Roland went to Louisville, Kentucky. Here he became a waiter in a wealthy men's club. As he set the tables and hurried back and forth with costly foods, he sang to himself. The head waiter thought his voice was pretty good and let him sing occasionally when the gentlemen of the club were having a dinner party. One day these gentlemen had a distinguished visitor, a Mr. Putnam from Boston. He listened to Roland's singing and thought it very good indeed, but no one remembered to tell Roland what he said. Then, a little later, the president of Fisk University wrote to Roland asking him to go with the Fisk singers to Boston for six weeks. A great gathering of noted people was to be there. The Fisk singers were to help entertain them and earn some money. Whoever went would have his expenses paid and get a salary of fifty dollars a month while there. Would Roland go?

Would he! He hurried as fast as he could to an influential member of the club and asked his advice. That man not only told Roland to go, but gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Putnam, who had heard him sing.

After Roland presented his letter to Mr. Putnam, that gentleman introduced him to three of the best musicians in the city. He sang before these men, and they said he had a "nice" voice, and all three offered to give him lessons—for pay, of course. He got a job as bell boy in the Brunswick Hotel, and when the other Fisk singers bought their tickets for home, Roland did not go with them. He was going to stay in Boston and learn to sing.

For eight long years he studied. Then he thought he would give a concert and try his luck. This was easier said than done! He was a Negro and unknown. He had no concert hall and no money to hire one. How could he give a concert? He did his best, but lost seven hundred dollars; he tried again and cleared five hundred. He felt encouraged. He would try a third time.

The preparations for that third concert were unlike the preparations for any other concert that has ever been given. Roland sat down before a battered old typewriter, with a telephone directory on his lap, and wrote letters to two thousand people whose names he found in the directory. It made no difference to him if he didn't know the people. He liked the sound of their names and he thought they would be interested in hearing him sing. Then he went down town and engaged Symphony Hall, the largest and best concert hall of Boston. His expenses would amount to eight hundred dollars.

The night of the concert came. Roland stood in a corner of the box office listening to what was going on. "No more standing room, no more standing room!" the ushers kept saying to the crowd that wanted to get in. And such a crowd as it was! Thousands of people were there, many were standing, and seven hundred had been turned away.

The time came for the concert to begin, and Roland

Hayes walked out on to the stage. He began to sing. Over the audience there floated a sound so beautiful, so sweet, that it was like an enchantment. The listeners were still, very, very still, and tense, eager to catch every note. When the last silvery sound of the first song died away, they broke into applause—applause such as Roland had never heard before; and he realized that he had at last succeeded!

He made several thousand dollars by this concert, and he hastened to tell this to his mother. She had shared all his sorrows and defeats, she should share the successes too. "Fine," she remarked when he told her about it. "But remember who you are."

Afterward Roland Hayes went to Europe to sing. He went to England, where he sang before the King and Queen. He sang in Germany, and because he sang so beautifully the songs that Germans know best, he won their hearts immediately. He sang in France and Austria, in Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, and each time he sang he revealed to his hearers not only the charm of all music, but the beauty of the music of his own race. And this is what he wishes most of all to do. Perhaps his greatest recognition came when he was presented with the Spingarn medal, which is awarded each year to the member of the Negro race who has made the most outstanding achievement.

But Roland Hayes is not content merely to interpret the longings and the dreams of his people to the world; he desires also to help every member of his race to live better, finer lives. To help bring this about he has purchased six hundred acres of land at Calhoun, Georgia, near his birthplace, and will establish there a school in memory of his mother.

—By Rebecca Caudill

GOING UP, SIR!

Paul Laurence Dunbar

NOT many of the people who went in and out of a certain elevator in a building in the business section of Dayton, Ohio, noticed that the boy who took them safely up and down was unlike other boys. Up and down, up and down, he went, day after day, and nothing seemed to happen. Then one morning one of his former teachers entered his elevator, and his whole life began to change from that moment. His teacher had come to tell him that the Western Association of Writers was to meet in the city of Dayton and she wanted him to write a poem of welcome and read it at the opening meeting. He thanked her and promised to do his very best.

The printed program of the meeting did not carry the name of him who was to give the poem of welcome, but when the hour came, a Negro boy entered the hall and made his way to the platform. He began to recite. He had given but a few lines when the men and women in the audience straightened up to look at the young poet before them. Then they sat very quiet and listened, and as he finished, the audience broke into applause.

At the close of the meeting the writers began to look for the boy, to thank and congratulate him; but he was not to be found. Then they came upon his teacher, and she told them about how he had been graduated from high school with honors, how he loved poetry, and how he had been writing little poems ever since he was seven years old. The writers then asked where they could find him. The teacher answered: "In the elevator of the Callahan Building any time during the day. Very early in the morning or late at night you will find him bringing or

carrying clothes for his mother, who is a washerwoman."

Three of the men went to find the boy. When they entered the elevator, he said, "Going up, sir!"

"Don't go up on our account," they said. "We came to tell you how much we liked the poem you read for us this morning."

Then the men asked the boy many questions. They learned that his name was Paul Laurence Dunbar; that his father had died when he was twelve years old; and that his mother was washing clothes in order to pay for their little home. He, as an elevator boy, was earning four dollars a week.

He could scarcely wait for night to come so that he could run home and tell his mother about his new friends! He lay awake most of the night, making new plans for his poems. The next morning he was up early. He got together some papers he had been saving for a long time. "Ma," he said, "I am going to see about publishing my book today."

At his lunch hour he hurried away to a publishing house. There he asked for the manager, but instead, an assistant came out to talk with him. He looked at the manuscript and said they would publish it for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Dunbar shook his head and sadly turned to go. At that moment the business manager happened to come in. He saw the look of disappointment on the boy's face, called him into his private office, and asked what the trouble was. Dunbar handed the manuscript over to him and said, "I haven't the money necessary to pay for publishing my poems."

The manager talked with the young Negro a few minutes and then said, "Just leave the manuscript with me. I shall see that your poems are printed. Don't worry about them."

Paul's heart almost burst with joy. He tried to thank his new friend, but words would not come. He just smiled, stepped out of the office, and hurried back to his elevator. All the afternoon there was a joyful new song in his heart. That night he almost ran home to tell his mother the good news. She alone knew how much it all meant to him. Together they laughed and wept, and they talked far into the night.

Then days came and went. The mother's heart beat very fast every time there was a knock at the door. Perhaps it was someone with Paul's books. Finally, one cold morning, as the snow fell thick and fast, there was a loud knock on the door. Paul's mother grabbed up her apron, wiped the soap-suds from her hands, and hurried to open the door. There stood a delivery man with a package. She peeped into the package and there were Paul's books! She fell to her knees, and putting her arms around the precious package, she thanked God. Then she returned to her washtub. When her washing was done, she set about cooking the very best dinner they could afford, for her poet son. At last she heard familiar footsteps. How her heart thumped as she ran and opened the door and greeted him. "Oh, Paul, Paul," she cried. "Your books! See your books!"

Their fingers trembled as they opened the package. Then they sat on the floor and just held the little books. They looked at them and read over and over again: *Oak and Ivy: A Book of Poems* by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

The next morning Paul started for his work with some copies of *Oak and Ivy* under his arm. He offered them for sale to passengers in his elevator. He sold all he had brought. The next day he brought more. Each day he sold more than he had the day before. In less than

two weeks he very proudly walked into the office of the business manager of the publishing house and handed him one hundred and twenty-five dollars. After this Paul published other collections of his poems.

One day there appeared in *Harper's Weekly* a long story about one of his books of poems. Then everybody began to talk about Paul Laurence Dunbar, the poet. Orders for his books came thick and fast. His fame went everywhere. Soon a chance came for him to go to England to read his poems. The American ambassador arranged an entertainment for him in London, where he read before many great men and women.

While in England he received a letter from a friend in America. This friend asked him to consider a position in the Library of Congress at Washington. He accepted this offer and returned to America. He and his mother moved to Washington, and he began to work in the Library. For about fifteen months he worked by day and wrote by night. Once he said to a friend, "I am working very hard these days. If it is only for the idle that the devil runs his employment bureau, I have no need of his services."

Dunbar was very happy at this time. But before long a hacking cough began to annoy him. The dust from the library aggravated the cough, and he had to resign his position. He lived in the South for a while, then he went to the Catskill Mountains, but the cough grew worse. At length he began to fear that he could not get better. Then doctors advised him to go to Denver, Colorado. The West failed to help him, so he went back to his home in Dayton, Ohio, where his dear old mother cared for him lovingly. Here, some months later, he died. But he continued to write almost until the day of his death.

SEVEN O'CLOCK, LADY!

William DeBerry

THIRTY years ago one summer morning a young Pullman porter stopped in the middle of his tasks long enough to take an admiring look at his uniform. It was neat and new and clean, and it looked very impressive indeed. But the porter couldn't stop very long to admire it, for ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling went a bell, and the porter was off to answer it. Ting-a-ling went another and another bell, and from one end of the car to the other went the porter, carrying ladders, brushing off the gentlemen, pulling luggage from under the berths, telling impatient ladies what time it was, and a dozen other things. But not all the passengers were out of bed, so the porter made the rounds to see that all were awake, at least. "Seven o'clock, lady," he called as he shook the curtains to arouse one sleepy-headed passenger. "Time to get up."

It was fun to be a porter on a train. At some time in his life nearly every boy wants to be an engineer or a conductor or a flagman, and William DeBerry had wanted to be a Pullman porter. He didn't intend to be a porter all his life, however. He had wonderful plans in the back of his head, and even while he brushed off the gentlemen and told the ladies what time it was, he thought of all the things he would do some day when he was a bit older and had a better education.

William was born in Nashville, Tennessee, where his father had two jobs. On week-days he worked in the railroad shops, and on Sundays he preached in a little church in Nashville. William thought that when he grew up he too would like to be a preacher. He talked to his

mother about it, and she agreed that being a preacher was a fine thing. She told him, however, that a preacher first of all must be a great and good man and in order to become great and good, he must be kind and honest and obedient and industrious while he was still a boy.

While William was still a very little boy he was very proud of making his own money. When he was ten years old he got a job with a group of men who were repairing a road, and with several other boys broke stone for the roadway. They called it "pecking" stone, and when each had "pecked a perch," which is a pile of rock a foot high and five and a half feet each way, he was given fifty cents. On the day William had "pecked" his "perch" and had received his fifty cents, he started home to tell his mother. But on the way he met a man, and something extraordinary happened. "Will you hold my horse for me a minute, son?" the man asked. William took the reins and the man went away. After a while he came back, and on leaving, he put in William's hand a bright, shining dime. Away flew William like lightning to show that to his mother also. On the way he had a beautiful idea. "Wouldn't it be fine to buy mother a new dress?" he thought to himself, still running. "That's what I'll do!"

His mother accepted the fifty cents which he gave her, and she never had a dress in all her life of which she was prouder than the one she bought with that fifty cents; but the dime she asked William to keep for himself.

When William was a little boy, he went to school like other boys, but by the time he was fourteen his father thought him old enough to go to work. He got a job in the country with a farmer, and during the summer he tended the horse and did all the chores in the morning and evening, and helped in the garden. He

thought he had quite enough education to preach, and just as soon as he should become a little older he meant to begin.

Things do not always turn out just as we have planned them, however, and though William had no intention of entering school again, that is just what he did. A friend of his insisted that he go to Fisk University with him, and almost before he knew it, William was enrolled in the college. He had to work in the summer to pay his expenses, so he did all kinds of odd jobs. One summer he worked in a saw mill; another summer he was a waiter in a hotel; another he taught school; another he got a job as porter—and the way in which he got his uniform is an interesting story.

As soon as he was out of school in May, he borrowed ten dollars and his railroad fare from a friend, and went to Cincinnati to ask for a porter's job. In his pocket he carried letters of recommendation from the president of Fisk, from the superintendents of the schools where he had taught during other summers, and from a number of white people for whom he had worked.

As soon as William reached Cincinnati, he was told by other Negro boys who had come looking for work that the Pullman Company had no more vacancies. But William wasn't going to believe that until the boss himself said so. He went up to the office only to be told that the boss was out and wouldn't be back until morning. That being the case, he went in search of another job, but he walked the streets in vain, and the next morning found him again at the office of the Pullman Company.

The office boy spied him. "There's the boss," he informed William. "He won't give you a job, but there he is."

William took in the situation at a glance. The boss

was busy; moreover, he had been pestered by so many applicants that it was easy for him to refuse to listen to another, and William wasn't anxious to give him that chance. Quietly he walked up to the desk, took the letters of recommendation from his pocket, spread them before the man, and stood aside to see what would happen.

Perhaps the boss thought William was a messenger boy, and because he thought these letters might be something of importance, he started to read them. Having got through the first one, he evidently thought he might as well read the others.

"Are you William DeBerry?" he asked, when he had finished.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you want?"

"A porter's job on a Pullman."

"Can you fill out an application blank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then take this and fill it out and bring it back to me."

A few minutes later he looked over the application blank which William had returned to him. "Did you write this yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"All right, you'll do. You'll have to buy your own uniform. It costs twenty-five dollars, cash down. Can you get it?"

Now the young man had in his pocket only the ten dollars he had borrowed, but because he felt that somehow he had to get that uniform, he answered very confidently, "Yes, sir."

"Here's the address of the tailor," said the boss. "Report for duty tomorrow."

Away went William in search of the tailor. He told

him what he wanted, presented the ten dollars, let him read the recommendations, and asked for the privilege of giving a draft for fifteen dollars on his first month's salary in exchange for the uniform. The tailor listened, then folded the recommendations and returned them; he handed back the ten-dollar bill; he was even making no apology. Then he stopped long enough to look at William DeBerry.

"Let me see the recommendations again," he said. He read them over a second time. Then he said, "I think I'll take a chance on you."

DeBerry took the uniform, and the next morning he reported for duty. First he was sent to help an old porter, who taught him his duties. He was very proud when he became a full-fledged porter. When he had finished his first run, the conductor handed him a roll of bills and told him that it was his part of the "cuttings." He had guessed already that the conductor was keeping back part of the company's money, because the conductor was supposed to give the porter the checks to certain berths for which passengers had paid on the train rather than in the station, and William had not seen the checks. He knew also that if the conductor and the porter agreed to steal or "cut" the money of those passengers who paid on the train, the checks were simply destroyed and there was no way for the company to find it out. Many conductors kept the money for such fares, and when they divided it with the porter, of course the porter had to keep still about it.

DeBerry looked at the money a long time. He knew it was not honest to take it, but he thought if he refused it, the conductor would make up some complaint against him and probably have him dismissed. He couldn't afford to lose his job when he needed the money

so much, so he took the money for that and for several other trips.

But he became more and more miserable; he knew he wasn't being honest. At last he decided he would rather lose his job than to continue stealing the company's money, and when the conductor next offered him his share of the cuttings he refused.

The conductor could hardly believe his ears. "You're a fool," he said to DeBerry. "Why, everybody does it. You've got nothing to do with where it comes from. Just take it as a present from me."

But William had made up his mind and he stuck to it. The conductor was very angry because he thought the porter meant to report him. But the porter assured him he would not. The conductor warned all the other conductors not to cut when they had DeBerry along because he wouldn't go halves and he might tell. So nobody offered him any more money. Soon William was assigned to an old conductor who had been with the company thirty years and had never cut a dollar. The conductor found him so honest that he reported him to the company, and the report brought him an unusual trust. At the ends of the run the conductor changed to another car, and DeBerry, in sole charge, collected the money paid for these short distance rides and sent in his own report.

By the time William was ready for graduation from Fisk, he had decided that he wanted to be a doctor instead of a minister. Doctors made money, and William wanted to make money. Besides, the Negro preachers whom he knew did not have very much education, and since he thought all preachers were like that, he decided he would do something else. He prepared himself to enter medical college, but again his plans were upset. One

morning a man was speaking in chapel. He was talking about the kind of preachers the Negro churches needed. "Many of you young men think you are too good to enter the ministry," he said. "You think you know too much, and because the people are ignorant, you don't want to work with them. Which one of you, I would like to know, who criticizes the churches, is willing to give your life to making conditions better?"

William DeBerry felt that that speech was meant for him. He went to the dean of the medical college and told him that he could not study medicine. Then he went to Oberlin College to study for the ministry.

It had been DeBerry's plan all along to return to the South and take up his work among his people as soon as he had finished with his training at Oberlin, but again his plans did not work out as he expected. He applied to the American Missionary Association for work until there should be an opening in the South, and they sent him to a church in Springfield, Massachusetts. He intended to stay there three months—but he has stayed there twenty-six years, and during his entire ministry he has served only this one church, which is quite an unusual record for a minister.

When Dr. DeBerry went to Springfield, he found a small church of one hundred members. It was much like any other church, and they did in that church about the same things they do in other small churches. They had Sunday school and a Christian Endeavor society, and they had prayer meeting, and there it stopped. There wasn't much else to do. But Dr. DeBerry wasn't happy in a church of that sort. He thought a church ought to be the center of all good activities. He thought there ought to be a gymnasium where boys and girls could play all sorts of games and take all sorts of exercises so that

they might keep well and strong and be able to do their work. He thought there ought to be a night school conducted by the church so that the Negroes of Springfield who had not had the opportunity to go to school as much as they wanted to could come and learn, not only how to read and write, for most of them knew that, but how to do all sorts of things. He thought girls ought to be given lessons in cooking and home-making, so that when they had homes of their own they would know how to manage them. Most of the Negroes in Springfield lived in ugly houses, and during the World War, when so many migrated from the South to the North, many had no homes at all. When Dr. DeBerry saw this, he thought the church ought in some way to provide homes for these people, and at the same time teach them to love their homes, to beautify their surroundings, and to keep things in repair.

It would take a whole book to write the story of St. John's Church. Dr. DeBerry and his staff of helpers have done wonderful things for the Negroes in Springfield. They started a night school for girls and boys, and though they were criticized at first, these same critics came later to help them. They built clubhouses where men and women could meet. They organized the boys into Boy Scout troops. They taught them trades, such as printing. They taught them how to play games and gave them a place in which to play them. They organized girls' groups, and taught them how to work and how to play also.

Many Negro girls were coming to Springfield to work, and they had no place to live. St. John's built a home for them, and Mrs. DeBerry has charge of that. The home is so popular that there is always a waiting list.

A white friend of St. John's bought an apartment

house and allowed St. John's to take charge of it. They put eight Negro families in the house and charged them the lowest rent possible, and the families in return kept the property in good condition and beautified it. Now St. John's owns enough apartment houses to take care of twenty-five families.

Dr. DeBerry saw that Negro boys and girls needed a place to spend their summer vacations. He thought if they had a camp where they could work part of the time and spend the rest of the time in play and games and some study, they would not only have a good time but they would make better citizens. A white friend gave him the money to buy the land, and now St. John's owns a farm and a camp on beautiful Lake Lashaway, where Negro boys and girls can go for rest and recreation for several days in the summer.

A few years ago the Interchurch World Movement made a survey of institutional churches throughout the country. When they had finished with their work, they said this about St. John's Church in Springfield: "St. John's Church is the most efficient system of organization and work of any church in the group surveyed, regardless of race or denomination."[1]

—By Rebecca Caudill

1 See also *In the Vanguard of a Race*, pp. 63-67.

IN A FAR-AWAY COUNTRY

Martha Drummer

IF you will get a large map of Africa, you will find the city of Quessua, in the Portuguese Province of Angola, West Africa. Here there is at work a woman who is trying to make the Kingdom of God come on earth. She is busy day and night helping boys and girls, educating them, and teaching them how to live as Christ would have them live. Her name is Martha Drummer, and she was born in a little town in Georgia, in a hut that looked like thousands of other little huts in many places of the South today.

Martha had two sisters, and it was always a hard struggle to make both ends meet because, as everyone knows, there are always many things that little girls want and think they must have—such as new dresses and new hats and new shoes and pretty beads. It was a rare occasion, however, when the Drummer girls had new dresses, no matter how much they wanted them, for the father died when Martha was quite small, and the burden that fell on Martha's mother was almost greater than she could carry. At least it was greater than most women could have carried.

But in the heart of Martha's mother there burned a very bright spark of determination that carried her and the little family over all sorts of hard, rough places. It was her determination to secure the best advantages she could for her children that made her sell their little home and move to Griffin, Georgia, that her daughters might enter school there.

Martha finished the sixth grade, and then—she was twelve years old at the time—she did what thousands of

other little Negro girls are doing every day of their lives, she "hired out" to a white family and began to support herself. She got up early in the morning and went to the home of her mistress, where she worked, washing the breakfast dishes, sweeping, dusting, playing with the children, and doing all the odd jobs about the house that could be found for her to do. When the supper dishes were washed and put away and the kitchen was in order once more, Martha would pull on her coat, put on her hat, and trudge down the back steps and out into the street to go home.

But Martha was not content to spend her life working in somebody's kitchen. She had learned just enough in school to make her eager to learn more, and while she washed the dishes she often dreamed of going back to school and learning the fascinating things that other girls learn from all sorts of interesting books.

One day two men walked up the path leading to Martha's little house and knocked on the door. One of them was her pastor, and the other was Dr. Thirkield, who was then a professor in Clark University in Atlanta. The family was greatly impressed with the honor of a visit from such a distinguished man, but they were even more impressed when they learned that the pastor had told the visiting minister about Martha and that Dr. Thirkield had become so interested in her that he wanted her to go to school in Atlanta.

Dr. Thirkield secured a tuition scholarship in the preparatory school for Martha. The first year she was there she worked for a family who gave her time during school hours to attend her classes. But that left her very little time for preparing her lessons, and the second year, because she had proved to her teachers that she was very much in earnest about getting an education, they made a

way for her to live at the girls' dormitory. And what fun that was! So many girls to know, so much fun to have a room-mate and a little room that she could keep clean and pretty and arrange just as she wanted it arranged! But every Saturday found her out in the city at work, earning some money toward her support.

During the long summer vacations she taught school in order to get a little money so that she might go back to Clark in the fall. But it was not always easy to collect the money that her patrons owed her. In one community in which she taught a little summer school there lived a woman who was the mother of seven or eight children. All these children were in school, and their tuition naturally amounted to a very neat little sum, which the mother was quite able to pay. At the end of the first month Martha appeared to collect the money that was due her. But the family school bills were all paid in one big sum at the end of the school, the mother told her, and with that Martha went away.

At the end of the term she returned, only to be told that the woman had no money at all and could not pay a cent. Martha knew this could not be true. That night she sat a long time in her little room thinking. Suddenly a twinkle came into her eyes, and the next morning it was still there, though her face looked very calm and firm as she drove down the road in a little borrowed wagon with a borrowed rope beside her. When she reached the home of the woman who refused to pay her, the mother and all the children flocked out to see her. Again she heard the same pitiful tale about having no money.

"Well, don't mind that at all," comforted Martha, while the twinkle in her eyes deepened. "Some of your farm products will do. I would just as soon have a cou-

ple of pigs. I'm sure I can sell them; don't you worry another minute."

There were pigs all over the yard, so the woman could not possibly say she didn't have a pig. Martha caught two of them, put them into the wagon, tied them, climbed into the seat, said good-by, and was off. For a minute the woman was so surprised that she could not even speak, but when she realized what had happened, she went running down the road after the disappearing wagon. When she caught up with Martha, she produced the money from an old stocking. Martha thanked her, drove back to the yard, turned the pigs loose, and was on her way again.

It was while Martha was at Clark University that she decided she wanted to become a missionary. It was not easy to get all the preparation necessary for going to Africa and taking up the hard tasks there, but after she was graduated from Clark, she went to the Methodist Women's Training School in Boston. To most people that would have seemed to be enough training. But because Martha felt that she could use all the information she could possibly get, she then took a three years' course in nursing. In February, 1906, she set out for Quessua.

When Martha Drummer arrived in Africa, she learned that the school to which she was going was eighty-five miles from the railroad, and that the distance had to be traveled in a hammock slung on poles carried by native bearers. This seemed to her a very selfish way of traveling, so she tried to walk. But she found this a very dangerous thing to do because she was not accustomed to the climate, and she soon realized that she could not endanger her health in such a manner after having spent so many years in order to get her training. And to the carriers, used to the hot African sun and trained in their

work, it was no trouble at all to carry her over the long distance.

Arriving in Quessua, Miss Drummer found her school to be a low, small building, not at all beautiful, with none of the conveniences to which she was accustomed, and very greatly crowded. She might have written home telling the people here something of these conditions. She and the other missionary with whom she worked might have been very homesick and dissatisfied; but they were not so at all. They had so much more than the people whom they had gone to serve that they never thought to ask the people at home for things for themselves. It was not until one of the white women sent out by the Board of Missions went to Quessua and wrote back about what these two Negro women were putting up with that anyone at home knew of their privations. But when the people at home did know, they went to work at once to send money to build a comfortable two-story home, with plenty of room and fresh air and sunshine, and as many conveniences as possible.

Martha Drummer began working as soon as she arrived in Quessua, and she soon found that she had need of all the training she had had. During several months in the year the heavy African rains pour down upon the town, and every little hollow and every valley becomes a marsh. Insect pests breed by millions, and hundreds of people become sick and many, many of them die. Just after Miss Drummer's arrival, an epidemic of fever broke out. She took thirty-eight cases to nurse and brought thirty-seven of them back to health. This was something unheard of, and the people began to lose faith in their witch doctors and come to her to find out how she did it. Martha Drummer taught them to keep their bodies clean and to eat proper foods.

Miss Drummer serves not only the African people, but all who need her. A Portuguese officer living in the wilds of Africa, brought his young wife to her home because he could get medical care for her nowhere else. Martha Drummer nursed her back to health. The officer paid her for her work, and gave her fifty dollars extra. Now fifty dollars looked like a great big sum to Martha Drummer—it would buy so many wonderful things—and as soon as the officer put it into her hands she knew what she would do with it. She took ten dollars of it and bought a watch that she needed very much, and the other forty she spent for the orphanage which had been established to care for homeless children.

As much as Miss Drummer would like to stay at the school and the orphanage and teach the children who come to her, she finds much to do in other places. Many people have never heard of Jesus, and since they cannot come to her, she must go to them. During the dry season she and another missionary prepare their baggage and their hammocks, put their food in insect-proof boxes, select their porters, and set out to visit outlying villages. When they stop to eat, men, women and children crowd around them, touching them, feeling their clothes, staring at them, talking about their looks, their food, and the way they eat. When they finish eating, they get the people to sit down on the grass and they teach them to sing a hymn. Usually they select "Jesus Loves Me," for they have found that the people like that song very much. Then they read and explain a few verses from the Bible, and close their service with a short prayer.

One night Miss Drummer came to a village where the only shelter was a small hut. The bearers stretched the hammock around the hut to keep off the wild beasts, but just as she and her companion were dropping off to

sleep they heard wild, weird cries. The next morning they learned that a hyena had come into the village and killed a hog and attacked a cow. Martha Drummer was very much afraid the people in the village would drive her away, thinking she had brought this trouble upon them, but instead they came to hear her, and when she was leaving the village, they went with her along the road for quite a distance.

One day when Miss Drummer was approaching a village, she met the chief and some of his people starting on a hunting trip. They had heard of her, and they turned and went back to the village with her, saying that the gods had come and would be angry if they didn't obey them. When they arrived at the hut of the chief, he had one of his men bring out the drum, which was a hollow log with holes all down the sides. As they beat it with little wooden mallets, its message was carried far and wide, and in a short time all the people in the villages near by came running to learn what the chief wanted.

Sometimes when Miss Drummer has told the people in a village about Jesus, they beg her to send someone to teach them more about Him. When she comes again to these villages, the people are very proud to tell her that they have done all the things she has told them to do in order to become like Jesus. They do need someone to teach them, and even now in some of the schools in our country some girl or some boy may feel that he is being called to serve as Martha Drummer was called. And while the greatest King of all is calling some to serve Him in Africa, He may be calling upon others of us to give our money to help these to get ready to go.[1]

—By Rebecca Caudill

1 See also *In the Vanguard of a Race*, pp. 131-147.

ANOTHER DANIEL WHO DARED

Daniel Hale Williams

LATE one afternoon in July, in the year 1893, Dr. Daniel Hale Williams, a young Negro surgeon in Provident Hospital in Chicago, was attending to some of his patients. Suddenly he was sent for to come at once to the operating room. Here he found a Negro who had been in a fight and was wounded very severely. Dr. Williams attended to the wound as best he could at the time, but he could not tell then just how deep the knife had gone into the body of the young man. The next morning when he returned to examine the patient, he discovered that instead of resting well, the wounded man had grown very much worse during the night. Dr. Williams decided to examine the wound at once. He removed the bandages, and found it necessary to lengthen the original wound in order to discover just what actually had taken place when the knife was driven into the body. What he found was a small puncture in the heart, about one tenth of an inch long, but so dangerous that he realized something must be done at once if the man's life was to be saved.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself. And a very pressing and disturbing question it was too, for in all medical history not another case like this had ever been reported. He could not even go about binding up the wound; it just kept on bleeding and bleeding, until it seemed that the patient could not possibly live much longer. Then Dr. Williams decided to try to perform what seemed like a miracle. Nothing like what he intended to do had ever been done before. With long, smooth forceps, other physicians held back the walls of

the vessel that encloses the heart, and with fine catgut, Dr. Williams sewed up the puncture in the man's heart. Less than two months later the patient was sent home from the hospital, and soon he was hard at work again.

This Daniel who dared was born in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, nearly seventy years ago. What promised to be a very happy childhood was saddened by the death of his father, whom Daniel loved very devotedly. His mother then took him and his brother and five sisters to Annapolis to live, and for a few brief years they lived happily in that beautiful city. Daniel went to school, and on warm spring afternoons, like other children, he played with the boys who lived near by. When night came on, Daniel and his brother and his sisters were all gathered in the home, where they had happy times together. At bedtime they all knelt together at their mother's knee and were taught to say the little prayer so many children have been taught by their mothers, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

When little Daniel was only eight years old, two of his sisters went to Janesville, Wisconsin, to start in business for themselves. Daniel's mother soon followed them to the West, and Daniel was left behind in Annapolis, so that he could go to school. But he became so homesick that one day he bundled up his clothes and appeared in the office of a representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad. You see he couldn't go to the ticket window and buy a ticket because he had not even a nickel in his pocket; and although he had heard of boys who stole rides on freight cars, he knew that was not honest. So he went to the offices of the railroad company and told his story to a big-hearted man, who listened very sympathetically. The man might not have believed the boy's story, but years ago he had known Daniel's father, and he turned

to his desk and issued a pass to the little boy that enabled him to go West to his mother. His mother was so happy when she saw him that she even forgot to scold him for running away from school.

When Daniel arrived in Janesville, he started immediately to school, but he had only one book, and that was a dictionary. Morning found him trudging to school with the dictionary under his arm, and afternoon found him carrying it home. During the day when the other pupils recited and Daniel heard a strange word, he would open his dictionary and find the word and underscore it with his pencil and later study it and try to make sentences containing it. Sometimes he went looking through his precious dictionary, finding words that he hadn't heard at all, and all of them were so fascinating that he couldn't leave them till they were learned too. Under each new word he learned he put a little black mark so that he could remember it.

Daniel continued attending public school until he graduated. His mother then sent him to Janesville Classical Academy. He spent all his spare time reading, and nothing pleased him more than to find an interesting history that opened to him doors into the lives of great men and of great nations; he was always interested in the achievements of great men. But if history was his favorite study, science ran it a close second, and always Daniel's mind went inquiring into things, trying to discover what they were made of and of what use they could be in the world.

When he had finished his high-school course, Daniel wanted to go to the University of Wisconsin; but he had no money. He had decided by this time that he might like to be a lawyer, so he went to the office of a very distinguished lawyer in Janesville, a white man, and

put his case before him. In those days a young man who wished to become a lawyer did not go to some university to study law, but he went into an office with some prominent lawyer and studied the profession there. When this lawyer to whom Daniel went heard what he wanted to do, he was so much impressed with his eagerness and his honesty that he agreed at once to take him into his office and help him with his studies. But Daniel studied law for only a year. He didn't like quarrels, and it seemed to him that lawyers have to make a living by listening to people's quarrels.

When he left the lawyer's office, Daniel did not have a cent of money, but he had a friend who meant a great deal more to him than money. This friend, a Mr. Anderson, a Negro barber, became so interested in the young man that he took him to live with him, and when Daniel decided that he wanted to study medicine, Mr. Anderson helped him in every way he could. Just as a young man studied law in those days in a lawyer's office, so he must study medicine in a physician's office. Daniel entered the office of Surgeon General Henry Palmer, one of the most distinguished surgeons of Illinois and Wisconsin. Dr. Palmer became so much interested in the young medical student that he taught him not only the valuable things he knew about medicine but the valuable things about being a man as well.

When Daniel had studied with Dr. Palmer for two years, he entered the medical department of Northwestern University. During the summer months he joined an orchestra that played on the Lake Michigan steamers, and in this way earned enough money to keep on in school. In 1883 he was granted his degree of M.D. His record at the University had been so outstanding that he was asked to remain as instructor in anatomy.

At this time Dr. Williams began his surgical work in the South Side Dispensary in Chicago. A few months later he was asked to serve as assistant physician in the Protestant Orphan Asylum. Two years after this the State of Illinois looked into his record and decided to ask this young Negro to serve on her State Board of Health.

It was while Dr. Williams was serving on this Board that he became impressed with a great need in Chicago. One day a young Negro appeared in his office and told him that he wanted to enter one of the Chicago hospitals as an interne so that he might add to his knowledge of medicine. "But because I am a Negro," he said, "none of the hospitals wants to take me in." Not long after this a Negro girl came to him with a similar story. She said, "I have dreamed ever since I was the tiniest of girls of being a nurse, but nobody wants a colored nurse, and there is no place for me to get training." Dr. Williams kept hearing such stories as these, and at length decided to see what he could do about it. He talked to his friends and to many doctors and nurses in Chicago. As a result, it was not very long before Provident Hospital opened its doors, and the first Training School for Colored Nurses in the United States came into existence. Dr. Williams remained as a surgeon in that institution until May, 1912, when he resigned on account of his many other duties.

It was while Dr. Williams was a surgeon in Provident Hospital that he performed his famous operation on the heart. When the medical world learned what he had done, they began to call him famous and to take note of him. President Cleveland heard of him and was so interested that he sent for him to come to Washington. Dr. Williams obeyed the President's request and Presi-

dent Cleveland presented him with a wonderful gift. It was not a loving cup, or a purse filled with gold, or any of the usual gifts. It was, instead, a great task that only a great man could perform—about the most wonderful gift one man can present to another. In the city of Washington, Freedman's Hospital had been established, and President Cleveland wanted someone to take charge of it. Dr. Williams was offered this honor. He accepted it and became the surgeon-in-chief. He was soon impressed with the same need in Washington that he had found in Chicago, and as a result he reorganized Freedman's Hospital and established a training school for colored nurses there also. Dr. Williams remained in Washington five years, and then returned to his practice in Chicago.

By this time Dr. Williams had become so well known as an authority on surgery that he was asked to go to Nashville, Tennessee, every year and hold a surgical clinic for the benefit of the medical students of Meharry Medical College. He was also asked to serve as attending surgeon to Cook County Hospital in Chicago. Both these positions he filled until he was asked to become associate surgeon on the staff of St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago, an honor accorded only to the greatest physicians and surgeons. On November 13, 1913, he received one of the greatest honors that can come to a surgeon—he was made a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

—By Rebecca Caudill

WHAT SHALL WE NAME HER?

Mary McLeod Bethune

FIFTY years ago in a little log cabin in Mayesville, South Carolina, a little black baby was born. She was a tiny mite to have such a fuss made over her, but her father was so proud of her that he had to go straightway and tell all the neighbors about her. One evening after the children had gone to bed, the father said to his wife, "Do you know, I think the Lord will call this baby to do some great work for Him. We must give her to Him." For a minute the mother said nothing. Then she said, "I feel sure you are right about this child, and for that reason we will call her Mary."

So Mary grew up as other girls grow, bright and happy and cheerful, helping her mother in the little cabin, or hoeing cotton under the hot South Carolina sun, and leading in the singing of the old Negro songs. Maybe her life might have been ordinary like many other lives, and perhaps very few people would ever have heard of her had it not been for the Presbyterian Church. The Mission Board of this church opened a school for Negro girls near Mayesville, and Mary entered this school. The whole neighborhood was interested in this and began talking about Mary. But the little girl herself had no time to listen to what they were saying. There were odd jobs to be done about the house in the morning before school and in the afternoon when she got home—and it took quite a long time to walk four miles.

Mary studied hard, for she wanted so much to learn all she could. In the evenings some of the neighbors used to come and sit in the cabin while Mary read aloud to them. They liked best to hear her read the Bible.

One day Mary's teacher came to her and said, "Mary, would you like to go to Scotia to school? A dressmaker in Denver, Colorado, wishes to help some little girl, and I have chosen you."

"*Me*?" cried Mary. "Why—why—of course!" she stammered. "Let me run to tell Mother!" And she ran as fast as she could. "Mother! Mother!" she cried, bursting open the door of the little cabin. "Guess what! Miss Emma says I can go to school in Scotia! Did you ever hear anything so grand?"

When the day for her departure came, all the neighbors came down to the little station to see Mary off. For an hour or two before the train was due, people began to arrive, riding in ox-carts and mule-carts, while others rode in on horses and in wagons. And then came Mary, sitting as calmly as possible between her father and mother on the seat of a little wagon, dressed in her very best, with a big tag on her saying that she was going to Concord, North Carolina. In the back of the wagon stood the shabby little trunk, securely tied across with a new white rope. Then the train came snorting and puffing into the station. Mary climbed aboard, while the people she loved crowded around her to tell her how proud they were of her.

When she arrived at Scotia Seminary, Mary opened her eyes wide at the things she saw. Such long tables in the dining-room, and such snowy linens! Such great stairways! Such bright lights! So many girls! And while she was thinking this, the other students were thinking, "What a queer little girl! What a ridiculous hat!" At first she was very much hurt by their remarks, but again she was too busy to bother about what other people were saying about her. She went at her tasks with determination, and she laughed so merrily that

soon the girls forgot to talk about her old clothes and odd ways.

But it was not always easy for Mary to laugh. She worked in the kitchen to help pay her expenses, and this was sometimes hard work. Then there were the long summer vacations when she wanted so much to go home, but there wasn't money enough to buy a ticket. Instead of going home, she would seek out a family who needed a cook or a chambermaid or a laundress, and all through the summer she would work in somebody's house in order to have enough money to go back to the school in the fall, for the dressmaker in Denver could not pay all her expenses.

Mary stayed at Scotia Seminary until she graduated. The following fall she went to Chicago to attend Moody Institute, where she had been awarded a scholarship. Never before had she been in such a big city. She might have been very lonely and very homesick had not the students of Moody been kind to her. She was the only Negro student in the school that year, and it seemed as though the other students tried to see which could be the most courteous to her, and which could make her the happiest. And Mary in turn was so lovable and did such splendid work that she had no time to be lonely. She was chosen to be one of the soloists in the choir of the Bible Institute Church, and every Thursday she sang at the service held at the Police Station, and regularly at the Pacific Garden Mission during the lunch hour.

During the two years Mary was at Moody Institute she had a wonderful plan in her mind; she wanted to go to Africa as a missionary. When she graduated from Moody, she presented herself to the Presbyterian Board of Missions as a candidate. But she was told that all the colored stations in Africa were filled. Her disappoint-

ment was so great that she could hardly bear it. Gradually, however, she came to see that workers were needed here in America just as much as in Africa. She went to Augusta, Georgia, to teach in Haines Institute. Later she went to South Carolina to teach in another school, and here she met and married Mr. Albertus Bethune.

Mrs. Bethune might have settled down in her home and lived a very quiet, happy life, but every day she dreamed the old dreams of service, and so great was her desire to do something for her own people that one day she set out for Daytona, Florida. Innumerable Negro girls with hopeless faces and dull eyes called her there, and she went to show them how to live cleaner, happier lives. Having arrived in Daytona, she induced a good-natured man to rent her a little house on credit, and there she gathered five little girls together and started a school. The furniture consisted of dry-goods boxes, an old stove given by a friend, beds, and other furniture gathered from the back yards of kind citizens, and odds and ends donated by sympathetic Negroes.

"She is a dreamer," laughed the people in Daytona who heard what she was doing.

"She can never educate Negroes," prophesied the white people.

"Does she think she is going to train our children to be cooks and washerwomen and just ordinary hired help?" asked the Negro men and women in astonishment. "No child of mine shall ever enter her school!"

Day by day Mrs. Bethune heard these things they were saying, but again she did not let what people said bother her. She kept on just as she had started. She trained those five little girls to sing, and together they went to the hotels and the clubs in Daytona to sing to the people, to tell them about their school, and to try to get funds

to keep it going. There were some people in the town who were kind to her. There was one old Negro man who told Mrs. Bethune that Mr. Gamble, for whom he worked, might be interested in what she was trying to do. Away went Mrs. Bethune to see Mr. Gamble. She told her story, and Mr. Gamble was so very much interested in it that he made a suggestion to her.

"Why don't you have Inspection Day," he asked, "and invite the people of Daytona who might be interested to come and see your school?"

Mrs. Bethune went back to the little cottage with her mind so full of plans that she was bubbling over. Inspection Day came, and with it came the visitors, who were somewhat surprised to see so queer a school. As there were only two chairs, some of the visitors had to sit on dry-goods boxes, and one box served for a desk. The visitors looked through the little cottage, and were then conducted to the front yard where the exercises were held. The children sat on the steps and sang their songs and recited their poems, but the most important person and the most unforgettable on that program was Mary Bethune herself. She was so much in earnest about helping these little Negro girls get an education that she presided over that little pretense of a school as if it were the biggest university and the most important in the whole world. The visitors who saw her were so much impressed with her earnestness and her poise and her love for the people of her own race that they decided then and there to do what they could to help her. They had a meeting among themselves, with Mrs. Bethune presiding, and when they adjourned, they had elected a chairman of a Board of Trustees and a secretary and a treasurer.

It looked like smooth sailing from then on, but it was

far from that. People were not quite ready to give their money to Mrs. Bethune because some of them thought she could not spend it wisely if she had it. "A woman can't do things," some of them thought, and many were so bold that they said it aloud so that even Mrs. Bethune heard it. "If this school ever amounts to anything, there should be a man at the head of it," they argued. But Mrs. Bethune wasn't going to stop just because she wasn't a man. Instead, she went home and washed and pressed her shiny dress once more, so that she could start on her rounds early the next morning, hunting up influential people and telling about the things she wanted to do, hoping that they might invest a few dollars in her project.

On Saturday night, after a most discouraging week, Mrs. Bethune found herself penniless. The meal barrel and the little potato keg and the pork larder were all empty, and darkness was coming on. Mrs. Bethune gathered up her courage and set out on a task she had never before faced. Walking into the store of a colored merchant from whom she had been buying things for cash, she asked very timidly, "Will you let me have a few groceries tonight? I have no money and am in great need, but I will surely pay you next week."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Bethune," the merchant replied, "but I don't give credit." And that was that! Mrs. Bethune turned toward home, but she couldn't face those hungry children who depended upon her for food. Her feet wandered elsewhere until she found herself near the home of a gentleman who had visited the school several times. Wearily she climbed the steps and rang the bell. She would tell him of her distress and perhaps he would help her. She was invited to enter, and for several moments she sat talking with him and his wife about the

school and about her plans for the work, but not one word could she bring herself to say about her need for money. At last she rose to go, as penniless as she had arrived. The gentleman accompanied her to the door and held out his hand to her. "Mrs. Bethune," he said, "you are doing a wonderful work for the Negroes. I wish you great success." Promptly the door closed and Mrs. Bethune stared down into her hand. In it the gentleman had left a twenty-dollar bill!

It was not a great while before other friends of the school began to discover that Mrs. Bethune really was in earnest about succeeding and they came to her rescue. They helped her to purchase a twelve-acre lot near the school, part of which was converted into a farm where the students could raise much of the food they ate. They gave her money to put up dormitories and class-rooms, and to provide well-trained teachers for the girls who came to her for an education.

Perhaps one would think that was enough for one woman to accomplish, but Mrs. Bethune was not satisfied. She organized a community meeting which was held every Sunday afternoon. It wasn't exactly a school, nor was it a Sunday school, nor was it a church service, but it was a little of all three. Into this group she gathered all the little Negro children who were interested, both boys and girls, and she taught them the value of being honest and clean and upright. So far did the fame of this little gathering travel, that crowds of people, both black and white, came for many miles to visit it. And every one went away impressed with the fact that they had seen and heard a great woman, and that it would be a glorious privilege to help her in the work she was doing.

One day Mrs. Bethune took a few of her students and

went out to a little turpentine camp three miles away from the school. The children in this camp had no school, and they were growing up without any of the good influences that more favored children have thrown about them. She talked with the parents and found them so anxious to have their children taught that they helped her to start a school. As the months went by, parents and children began to call Mrs. Bethune's attention to another camp two miles farther away, and another mission was established there. These people, in turn, pleaded for a mission at a camp still farther away, and now three interesting missions are being carried on at these turpentine camps.

It was about this time that something else came to Mrs. Bethune's attention. Stories came to her of the suffering among her own people because there were no hospitals to care for them when they were ill. Mrs. Bethune decided to do something about this. First she set aside two rooms in her school building for the care of her students. But her heart went out to the numbers of Negroes in the community who needed hospital care, and she determined to build a hospital. It was to cost five thousand dollars. The Negroes of Daytona raised nine hundred dollars, white friends of the school gave Mrs. Bethune thirty-one hundred dollars, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave a thousand dollars. So the hospital was opened.

Mrs. Bethune has proved herself so worthy of the confidence placed in her that when the Boards of Trustees of her own school and of Cookman Institute decided to merge the two institutions and form one school, the Bethune-Cookman College, they said unanimously, "Mrs. Bethune shall be president."

—By Rebecca Caudill

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

Other Negroes Who Have Achieved

Musicians

Harry T. Burleigh. Have you heard the beautiful song called "Jean," which has been sung in thousands of homes? It was composed by Harry T. Burleigh, who has also given to the world many other compositions. He has lived for a long time in New York City, where he has been baritone soloist in the choir of St. George's Episcopal Church on Stuyvesant Square and also a member of the choir of Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue. Burleigh has published two collections, one entitled *Plantation Melodies,* and the other *Negro Minstrel Songs.* The fact that he is such an unusual singer of the old slave songs, has made him best known.

A most interesting part of this famous musician's story would be left untold were we not to go back to part of the life story of his grandfather, Hamilton Waters, an escaped slave. In spite of blindness, the result of hardship, Mr. Waters lived to a ripe old age, not only supporting himself, but also aiding his children.

One of his children was Harry Burleigh's mother. She was born in a wagon which was being driven toward Canada and escape from slavery. At the time of her birth freedom was declared, so instead of going on to the planned destination, the family settled in Erie, Pennsylvania. The blind father set about to provide for his family, earning money by pressing men's clothes and by holding the position of town crier. By saving carefully, this blind man was eventually able to send his daughter to college. This was at a time when a college education was not thought necessary even for white women. But when this young colored woman was graduated, she found it almost impossible to use the

knowledge she had gained. Eventually she married, and in 1866 Henry Thacker Burleigh was born. Early in his life "Harry," as he was called, and his four brothers and sisters were left without a father's care. His father's death left his mother and her blind father to provide for the family. So the boy's earliest recollections are of doing chores, and of running errands. Later, Harry was employed as a lamp lighter. During this time he went to public school, and through singing lessons it was soon discovered that he had a wonderful voice. This gift was cared for and developed, and a great love for music blossomed in his soul.

Because of his mother's training and intelligence, she was often called upon to help with elaborate entertainments in homes where great musicians were sometimes guests. At these times, she would tell her son of the music he might hear, and he would stand outside and listen. Once the visiting musician was the great Joseffy, and the boy stood knee-deep in snow for hours, in order to catch the strains of the music which he so loved. As a result of this he barely escaped pneumonia. His mother told this incident to the person in whose house she was employed, and after that it was arranged that on these occasions Harry might open the door for the guests. He went to school until he was twenty, always working very hard outside of school hours. Until he was twenty-six, he was employed as a stenographer. It was not until he received a scholarship in the National Conservatory of Music in New York City that his most cherished dream seemed to materialize. Because he put his whole spirit into his work, Dvořák, the Director of the Conservatory at that time, became especially interested in him.

As his voice became known, he sang in churches, and directed choirs, and at length European tours were arranged, and he became famous abroad as well as at home.

Mr. Burleigh claims not to be a composer, but rather a singer. But he is both. He has written much music, and has put on paper many of the Negro "spirituals." When

John McCormack sang "Little Mother o' Mine," the music of which was written by Burleigh, there was a real ovation. Mr. Burleigh still sings, with a voice which it is a joy to hear. And as is the way with the truly great, the honors which have come to him have left him unspoiled.[1]

Ella Sheppard. Long ago in Tennessee there lived a Negro slave called Sara Sheppard. She was married to a coachman, and she had one little baby girl. Her husband bought his freedom with eighteen hundred dollars, and was saving money to buy the freedom of his wife and child also. The little family was very happy until Ella, their baby, was about three years old. Then their master purchased a plantation in Mississippi, and although the coachman had saved enough money by this time to buy the freedom of his wife and child, their mistress, who owned Ella and her mother, refused to part with her two slaves.

Sara's grief was so great that she felt that rather than part with her husband it would be better to die and to take her baby with her. So she wrapped the child in an old shawl and, holding her tightly in her arms, went toward the Cumberland River.

An old Negro woman happened to see Sara hurrying in the direction of the water. She followed her and arrived just in time to keep her from leaping into the current. The old woman said: "Don't you do it, honey. Wait till de chariot ob de Lord swings low. God's got a great work for dis baby to do; she's a-goin' to stan' befo' kings and queens. Don't you do it, honey." So Sara carried her baby back home again. She begged that her husband be allowed to buy their child and keep her with him in freedom. This request was granted, and the broken-hearted Sara left her loved ones, and went to Mississippi alone.

Words were born in Sara's heart from those of the old Negro mammy who spoke on the river bank. Over and over there came to her, "Swing low, sweet Chariot," and gradu-

[1] See also *In the Vanguard of a Race*, pp. 119-130.

ally they wove themselves into a sad and triumphant refrain. It grew until the music passed from her to others and finally developed into the song that is now familiar to almost everyone.

As baby Ella grew up, she attended school—this was just after the close of the Civil War—and the school in which she was a pupil was called Fisk University. The classes were held in old buildings formerly used for sick and wounded soldiers and not at all suitable for a school. But there was no money for food for the pupils, much less for repairs for buildings.

However, there was a music teacher at Fisk named Mr. White, and through a plan of his a wonderful change came about. He loved the folk songs which his pupils sang, and he was sure other people would love them if they could hear them, so he planned to take some of the pupils North and give concerts in order to raise money for the university. Of course many people thought this plan the height of foolishness, but in spite of their criticisms the group started on its tour. Those who went were volunteers, and it was a great trial which they undertook. They did not have enough clothes to keep them warm, or enough food to eat. Their beds were very uncomfortable, and they suffered greatly in many ways as they tried to sing their way into the hearts of the people of the North.

At first no one listened to them; but after a time a feeling of appreciation began to grow, and finally such enthusiasm developed that in the cities where they gave concerts no other entertainments were held at the same hour because so many people wished to hear the Negro folk songs. And it was no wonder, for they were sung beautifully!

For some time no one knew what to call this band of singers. They were hailed as "Nigger Minstrels," and this grieved Mr. White a great deal. So he named them the "Jubilee Singers," and by that name the singers of Fisk University have been called ever since.

The Jubilee Singers not only made their songs famous in America, but also across the sea in England, Scotland, Holland, and Germany. The success of their venture was assured, and when they returned to Nashville, they brought with them a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This money was used in the building of "Jubilee Hall" for Fisk University, a structure which stands on the spot once occupied by a slave pen.

The singers who did this great work were trained by Mr. White, but the young woman singer who managed the concerts was Ella Sheppard, whose life was once so nearly sacrificed by a sorrowing mother. A little later Ella brought her mother home to live with her near Fisk University. Here Sara and Ella and Ella's husband were happy together for many years in the shadow of Jubilee Hall, which Ella had helped to build.

Samuel Coleridge Taylor. When Samuel Coleridge Taylor was a boy, he lived in England. One day a great orchestra leader was interested to see a little Negro boy playing marbles and holding a violin at the same time. Upon asking the child to play, he was amazed to hear sweet tones coming from the instrument, and he knew at once that he had discovered great talent. From that time his interest helped to advance the boy as a musician. Little Samuel Coleridge Taylor made his first appearance on the concert stage at the age of six, and because he was so small that the audience could not see him, he stood upon a box.

From that time he has made a steady advance and has gained world-wide renown. He was graduated from the London Royal College of Music, and through him the music of the Negro has reached its highest expression. He has written many hymns, and also many well-known songs. "The Song of Hiawatha," "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," and "Hiawatha's Departure" are perhaps the most famous. The music of Samuel Coleridge Taylor will live, for those who know good music will continue to appreciate his compositions.

Artists

Henry Osawa Tanner. "Oh, Father, I know I can do what that man is doing!" A little boy was standing at some distance from a painter who was putting the beauty of Nature on a canvas. The child's name was Henry Tanner, and he was the son of Bishop Tanner, editor of the *Christian Recorder.* The two were walking near their home close to Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. The little boy seemed charmed by the sight of the artist at work. His exclamation proved to be literally true, for as soon as paint, brushes, and canvas were given to him, he started drawing things. At first his pictures were rather queer, but even so, they showed that some day he might be a great artist.

Henry's parents wanted their son to be a minister, but he said over and over that he could do more good through art than by preaching. This was not because he hoped to find an easier lifework than preaching, for he was willing to give up many things for his art and to work very hard. All the time he was learning how to become a great artist, he was saving money which he made by selling little pictures and bits of sculpture. Most of his spare time was spent in the Zoological Park, modeling animals from life. Henry studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and in 1891 he went to Paris. It was not long before he was known among the painters and sculptors there as one of America's best artists. His canvases found places in exhibits in which only the most beautiful pictures were allowed to appear.

There is something in the spirit of his painting which gives one a feeling of reverence. He has painted many pictures of Bible characters, and it is easy to remember how when he first began to draw, he said over and over that he could do more good with his brush and colors than he could as a minister. He is now a member of many art societies and is an artist of world renown.

Meta Warwick Fuller. Once there was a little girl who kept herself awake in church by studying the heads and faces of the people who sat about her. It has been said that she was wondering how each would look saying certain words, such as "pie" or "beans." Perhaps this taught her many things about form and expression which helped to make so excellent the sculpture done by her in later years.

The great French sculptor Rodin praised the first piece of her work which he saw, and called her a "sculptor too," which was like a miracle to the dark-skinned girl of twenty. Her great-great-grandmother had been an African princess, although Meta herself was the daughter of a barber and a hairdresser, both of whom were American Negroes.

While in school, Meta's drawing was a delight, and by its fineness she won a scholarship to the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Arts. After very strict economy, and much persuasion from her friends, she went to Paris. There she came in contact with Rodin and other of the greatest sculptors. When she returned to America, she married a very prominent Negro physician.

Poets

William Stanley Braithwaite. William Stanley Braithwaite has written several volumes of poetry of his own, but he is probably better known as a critic of the poetry of others.

Braithwaite was born in Boston, in 1878. In 1904 he published one book of poems, and in 1910 another. He became editor of the *New Poetry Review* in 1916, and every year since 1913 he has edited the *Anthology of Magazine Verse.* His influence is marked in the realm of poetry, and it is said of him that no one has written a greater poem than Braithwaite has himself lived.

Among other well-known Negro poets are Phillis Wheatley,[1] Joseph S. Cotter, Jr.,[2] James Weldon Johnson, Countée Cullen, and Leslie Pinckney Hill.

[1] See *Unsung Heroes.*

[2] See *In the Vanguard of a Race.*

An Executive and Statesman

Robert R. Moton. Dr. Robert R. Moton is one of the most admirable leaders of his race. He has a great many worthy achievements to his credit; he has been president of the Negro Organization Society of Virginia, secretary of the Jeanes Fund, commandant of Cadets at Hampton Institute for nearly twenty-five years, and trustee of several Negro institutions. At the present time he is the president of Tuskegee Institute. He is a direct descendant of a powerful African chief, and the story of his grandfather is an interesting one.

When Robert Moton's grandfather was young, there was a great battle fought, and many captives were taken. He, the son of the victorious chief, was sent to take the prisoners and sell them to traders. He had no difficulty in doing this and was shown over the ship. When the young man was also invited to dinner, he did not hesitate to accept the invitation. This was a very crafty trick on the part of the traders, for the food which they served the young son of the chief was evidently drugged.

When he awoke from a deep sleep, he found that he was chained in the hold of the vessel with the very slaves whom he had sold. He was taken to Richmond, Virginia, and there sold into slavery. From that time Robert Moton's ancestors were born in slavery, but he himself was born free. He grew up very happily on a big Virginia plantation.

When he was only a tiny boy his mother began to teach him to read, and his education was continued through the assistance of the people on whose plantation he was born. At eighteen he was almost persuaded to enter politics. In fact, he would have done so if his mother had been willing to swear that he was twenty-one years of age. She refused to do this, however, and so he entered Hampton Institute instead. After his graduation he was persuaded to teach there.

Robert R. Moton was so faithful in all his work that when Booker T. Washington died, he was asked to take Washington's place at the head of Tuskegee Institute.

In 1918, at the request of President Wilson and the Secretary of War, Dr. Moton went to France to investigate conditions which affected the Negro soldiers. This work called for the utmost tact and insight, and both races were benefited by a promotion of justice and good will which was brought about. It is an accepted fact among important men that Robert Moton is "one of the constructive forces in America today."[1]

A Physician

Dr. Charles V. Roman. About twenty years before the Civil War a slave ran away from Maryland to Canada, and when Lincoln declared the slaves to be free, this man came back and settled in Maryland. He was the father of Charles V. Roman. There was a large family, and a mighty struggle was necessary to maintain any degree of comfort. But the hardships which were undergone helped to give Charles the ability to gain the things which he had determined upon.

Even in his little boyhood he seemed to be the kind of person who wanted to discover things for himself. It is said that when he was about five years of age he decided to find the source of a small brook. Without the knowledge of his mother, he walked for a long way beside the creek, and was found, late in the evening, gazing very earnestly into a little spring which was the source of the stream. His plan was evidently to try to get down into the hole, and trace to its real beginning the water which bubbled forth.

Until he was twelve years old, the little boy spent much of his time on his grandfather's farm, staying out of doors to work and play. He showed a great fearlessness and determination, which pleased his grandfather.

Charles' parents moved to Dundas when their son was

[1] See also *In the Vanguard of a Race*, pp. 30-34.

twelve years old, and at that time he went to work in a cotton mill. Every morning at five-thirty he was waiting for the mill to open. For ten and a half hours he worked in the mill—and this took most of the day. But, in spite of the length of the mill hours, he spent two hours of the remaining time in attending night school, and every book that he could get he devoured.

One day during the noon hour a group of mill workers were talking about what they would like to be. Charles said, "Some day I shall be a physician!" Of course the others laughed in ridicule, but his words proved to be true. In spite of the fact that he was hurt seriously in the cotton mill and came out of the hospital with his left leg injured permanently, he never lost his determination to become a doctor. Every moment when it was possible for him to do so, he studied. He lived in Pennsylvania until after he graduated from school, and then he went South and taught in Kentucky and Tennessee. Meharry College, the best medical school for Negroes in the South, is in Tennessee, and as soon as Charles Roman had worked and saved enough money, he entered there. He finished his course with honor and then took post-graduate courses in Chicago, Philadelphia, London, and Paris. For many years he practised medicine in Dallas, Texas, and was special lecturer to colored troops during the World War. He is now on the faculty of Meharry College, and is practising medicine in Nashville, Tennessee.[1]

Dr. Roman has a way of making true statements in an interesting way. Some of the things which he has said are the following:

Misunderstanding, rather than meanness, makes men unjust to one another.

Ignorance and prejudice feed upon each other.

As a man thinks, not as he looks, finally fixes his status.

No man is secure in his rights so long as any man is deprived of his.

1 See also *In the Vanguard of a Race*, pp. 35-46.

An Astronomer

Benjamin Banneker. It would take almost a genius to make a clock without ever having seen one. Benjamin Banneker did this! Not only did he make a clock, but he made it with only wood and a penknife, and for twenty years the clock ran and struck the hours accurately.[2]

Banneker was the grandson and the great-grandson of African chiefs who were sold into slavery and later freed. He himself was born free. He attended a little private school, where he showed remarkable talent for mathematics. Early in his life he frequently received requests to solve difficult mathematical problems. He never failed to send correct answers and often they were in rhyme.

Soon, Banneker became interested in astronomy, and often he would lie all night on the ground gazing at the heavenly bodies and learning of them. He even went so far as to foretell a solar eclipse, and later to prepare an almanac.

As he prepared his almanac, there was in his heart always a beautiful thought. Many people believed that the Negro was not capable of doing anything for the world, and Banneker thought this unfair to his race. So as he worked, he said: "I will prove that what they think is not true. I have never been a slave; I have had the opportunities of a free person; I will prove what my race can do; I will give to the world something that it cannot do without."

When he sent a copy of this work to Thomas Jefferson, he received a letter saying that it had been sent on to Monsieur de Condocet, secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, and a member of the Philanthropic Society.

. . . because I considered it as a document to which your color had a right for their justification against the doubts which have been entertained of them. I am with great esteem, sir

Your most obedient, humble servant

THOMAS JEFFERSON

2 He had seen a watch but not a clock.

Banneker was asked to serve on the commission appointed by President Washington to lay out the streets of Washington, D. C. This was perhaps the most distinguished honor which came to him.

When Banneker grew old, he gave up public life and remained at home. He lived alone all his life, and he did his own housework, except as he was helped by his sister, who lived near by.

His cottage was on a hill and shaded by trees. Almost every evening as he grew to be an old man, he might be seen there, sitting under a favorite tree, gently drawing a bow across a violin. He loved to play in the twilight, and his face showed in its gentleness that his dreaming was very peaceful. At this time he usually wore fine old broadcloth, and a broad-brimmed hat, and the staff with which he walked rested at his side. Banneker was so fine an old courtier, with manners so kind and friendly, that many people liked to come and visit him. He lived to be an old man, and the monument to his genius is Banneker School for Colored People, in Washington.

Inventors

Granville T. Woods of New York has more than sixty inventions to his credit. They are principally in the field of electricity. The most valuable is the telephone transmitter, which he assigned to the American Bell Telephone Company and which is now used in connection with all Bell telephones.

Elijah McCoy is a pioneer in the process of supplying oil to machinery in intermittent drops from a cup. He is the holder of fifty-eight patents.

Frank Ferrel has about a dozen inventions, the larger portion of them being for the improvement of valves for steam engines.

George Murray has eight patents for inventions on agricultural implements.

Joseph Dickenson began to invent devices for automatically playing the piano several years ago. He has more than a dozen patents to his credit. His various inventions have been used in the making of some of the finest player-pianos on the market.

One of the most important contributions to the civilization of mankind is the invention of the smelting of iron, and this was very probably made by the Negro race.

The "Stop and Go" street signal, which is now in use in all large cities, was invented by a Negro in 1911.

The "Safety hood and Smoke protector," a protection for firemen, was invented by a Negro. This invention received the gold medal from the American Museum of Safety, and the first grand prize at the Second International Convention of Safety and Sanitation.

A Negro of Charlotte, North Carolina, invented an airship stabilizer which was adopted by the British Government. The inventor was commissioned a second-lieutenant in the British Aviation Corps.

It is said that a Negro did much to help Eli Whitney with his invention of the cotton gin.

SESSION PROGRAMS

SESSION I

Booker T. Washington

Problem. In what way was Booker T. Washington a great leader?

Materials. Story (see page 17); pictures of George Washington and Booker T. Washington; blackboard and chalk; map of the United States.[1]

Program. The program for each session will include the following: I. Lesson presentation; II. Activities associated with the problem; III. Service activities; IV. Worship.

In preparation. Before beginning this course the leader should have read all the stories in this book. She should also have outlined a general plan for the presentation of the lessons. Having obtained this most necessary background, she will be prepared to make a statement to the class that will enlist their interest at the very beginning. Just the manner in which this may be done will depend entirely upon the situation in which the teacher finds herself and the background of knowledge and interest that the class may have already. The following is a suggestion which may be used:

When we stop to think, it is surprising to discover the number of people to whom we are indebted for our comforts and pleasures. We enjoy the good things and often we never know who is responsible for them. People of another race who live in our midst have done great things when given a chance. Some have established schools, some have written beautiful poetry, some have sung beautiful songs, others have invented or discovered some of our most useful productions, and many others have spent their lives helping other people. But because not all of us know them, we have not always appreciated what they have done.

1 A blackboard and map should be provided for each session.

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. Let us see if we cannot learn more about one of these men. (Show the picture of Booker T. Washington and provide an opportunity for expression of opinion from the class. If the children know something of him they will naturally be interested in learning more.) Carnegie has said: "History will tell of two Washingtons, the white and the black, one the father of his country, the other the leader of his race."

Story. "A Boy Who Named Himself." (Told by the leader.)

Discussion. While the leader may have told the whole story of Booker T. Washington, yet it would be well to discuss only his early life, leaving the remainder of the story for the next lesson. The discussion should grow out of the interest of the children themselves. One of the girls in the demonstration class said she liked this story because Washington had such a very hard time and succeeded in spite of all of his difficulties.

This naturally led to a discussion of the circumstances which surrounded his life. The following points may be developed:

1. *Booker Washington's home life.* Talk about the home in which Booker lived as a child.

2. *His work as a boy.* Lead the children to discuss the fact that he had no chance to go to school. Talk about how he became interested in books and the longing that grew in his heart for a chance to learn.

3. *The coming of freedom.* Discuss the probable feeling of the family, especially little Booker, when the news came that they were free.

4. *Leaving the old plantation.* Talk about the journey away from the old plantation.

5. *Booker's new home.* Where was this new home? How did the family earn a living?

6. *The beginnings of an education.* The first printing that he learned to read. The news of their first school must have been almost as exciting to Booker and his family as was the news that they had received their freedom. Here was where he got his name—the name that is now famous the world round.

7. *The journey to Hampton Institute.* Some of the children may be able to tell something about this school —where it is located—who founded it—the character of work that is done there. Describe Booker's journey to Hampton, imagining his feeling when he saw the end of this journey. Discuss his queer entrance examination.

II. Activities associated with the problem

The class may select from the following as many activities as they will have time to carry out.

1. Suggest that the children collect pictures and clippings from newspapers and magazines that are of interest in the study of Booker T. Washington; for example, pictures of a mining village, a slave cabin, a salt furnace, etc.

2. Encourage the children to tell the story of Booker T. Washington some time during the week, either to the family group, to playmates, at Sunday school, or at day school.

3. Begin learning one of the Negro spirituals so that it may be used in the near future as a part of the worship program.[1]

4. Ask the children to collect any material or information during the week which tells of some other Negro

1 For collections of Spirituals, see Bibliography.

who has achieved. Let them make inquiry among the Negroes of their own community.

5. Let the class select a group, or ask for volunteers, to write a letter to a Negro school of your denomination.[1] They can in this way find out directly about the work which is being carried on for the Negroes of their own church. They might ask about pictures or any other materials they may desire for use.

6. Have the children write the story of Booker T. Washington.

7. Let the class plan how they can put into practise in their own lives the principle Washington expressed in the thorough sweeping he gave the room at Hampton.

III. Service activities

As soon as possible the group should decide upon some activities that will be of service to others. Let them choose what this shall be. Suggestions have been made in the introductory section to the teacher for making a Book of Heroes. On pages 137-142 there is an outline of a missionary study play, "We Would Be Sculptors." If there is sufficient time, the group may wish to work out both these projects. However, the local situation may develop a plan which will be more vital to the development of the class than either of these. In such case, work out your own project. The value to the children will be far greater if the activity is closely related to their experience and to their lives. They are to work with a purpose and that purpose should be something that comes within their experience and one that may be used to give help and pleasure to others.

[1] Write to your denominational headquarters for a list of schools.

IV. Worship

Leader. Christ came to earth to teach us to be helpful one to the other. A saying which has become famous among the people of Booker T. Washington is, "Lifting as we climb." No matter if we are in a hurry, we can stop to help another. Christ tells a story about a man who started on a long business journey and then turned aside to help another man who had been unfortunate.

Scripture lesson. "The Good Samaritan." *Luke* 10:30-35.

Prayer. (Written on the blackboard)

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up and laugh and love and lift.

SESSION II

Booker T. Washington

(*Continued*)

Problem. A continuation of the problem in Lesson I.

Materials. Pictures and clippings such as relate to slave quarters, salt furnace, coal mine, and denominational schools, also to Hampton and Tuskegee Institute; materials for letter writing; materials for book, if a book is to be made.

I. Lesson presentation

Story review. If there is sufficient time, let the children read the stories they may have written about Booker T. Washington. They might decide which is best by taking a vote. If their stories have not been completed, one child might volunteer to re-tell the story. Better still, the group might be interested in the dramatization of the incidents in Washington's life. The following scenes are suggested:

1. Receiving the news of freedom.
2. Moving to West Virginia.
3. In his first school.
4. The Hampton Institute entrance experience.
5. The interview with General Armstrong and the selection of Washington for president of Tuskegee Institute.
6. The arrival at Tuskegee Institute.

With a few suggestions, children will work these scenes out for themselves. They may think of other incidents. No previous preparation need be made for this. Let the acting be spontaneous.

Discussion. In the story review a point for discussion may be developed. It is best for the children to be given the lead for this period, the teacher guiding their conversation in wise and helpful channels. The following points for discussion are suggested.

When General Armstrong received the letter from Tuskegee asking for someone to start a school, why did he choose Booker Washington from among his hundreds of students? Discuss the difficulties Washington met when he reached Tuskegee, telling the manner in which he met these difficulties. Talk about Tuskegee Institute as it stands today, telling what it is doing for boys and girls.

Booker Washington was honored not only by his own people but by all people. Why? If you are planning to give the dramatization (page 137), at this point let the children discuss reasons why Booker T. Washington should have a place on the roll of honor as a great American citizen.

It would add to the interest of the discussion and impress the greatness of Booker Washington's character on the class if they were led to make a comparison of the two Washingtons. Each child might be asked to give one important fact about Booker T. Washington; then let comparisons follow. The following points are suggested:

1. Both Washingtons were leaders of their people.
2. Both worked hard to accomplish what they did.
3. George Washington was working for the independence of America.
4. Booker T. Washington was working for the independence of the Negro race.
5. Both tried to establish a strong foundation on which others might build.
6. Both are accepted as heroes of the races they represent.

II. Activities associated with the problem

1. Give the children an opportunity to report on the things they decided in the last session to undertake, such as showing their collected pictures and clippings, telling what they have found out about other Negroes who have achieved. Ask whether or not they have told the story of Washington to someone. It might be well to ask if any have sought to put Washington's principle of conscientious work into practise; if this is done, the discussion should be free and natural, without any embarrassment or self-consciousness.

2. Let the group continue to collect clippings, pictures, and information concerning this course of study.

3. Write out one important quality which would make him a hero deserving of a place among the famous. This is especially necessary if the class is planning to use the dramatization project.

4. Let the class make a list of what they consider his achievements.

5. There is a poem written by Paul Laurence Dunbar about Booker T. Washington. Let the group or some member of it memorize the poem.[1]

III. Service activities

1. Those groups which plan to make the Book of Heroes will need to get started as soon as possible. Of course the leader will see that the necessary materials are on hand, such as paper, pictures, pencils, crayons, paste, and scissors. The stories which have been written may be read and a vote taken for the best.

2. If the dramatization activity is to be worked out in your group, it is time to begin planning. The statement concerning the individual must necessarily be brief, therefore it is essential that every word should count. Let the group work out carefully what should be said and done by the one who tells of Booker Washington's life.

IV. Worship

Leader. Many things in the life of Booker T. Washington remind one that he was a follower of Jesus. Every effort of his life seemed to be to help those who needed

[1] Volumes of Dunbar's poetry may be found in almost every public library.

him; he had a purpose from which nothing could turn him. People who thus lead on toward some glorious height keep their eyes upon the light at the top of the mountain. Nothing turns them aside. There is a story, you remember, of some men who were given a task; one kept to his purpose but the other did not have the courage to do so. (Tell or read the story of the talents in scriptural wording, from *Matthew* 25:2-29.)

Prayer.

SESSION III

George Washington Carver

Problem. To show that George Washington Carver has given to the world great scientific discoveries.

Materials. Story (see page 27); a picture of Carver; some of the things with which Carver works, such as the sweet potato, peanut, clay, etc.

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. Have on the table a collection of the things with which Carver works. Ask the children to name the ways in which each is used. The story might be introduced with the remark that there is a man who has made so many things from the peanut that he has been called the "Goober Wizard."

Story. "Strange Secrets." (Told by the leader.)

Discussion. When Booker Washington's family was freed, they took a long journey to their new home. When Carver's mother and her baby were set free, they too went on a long journey—one that was very, very sad. Let the children discuss this journey and tell what came of it. George Carver grew up in the home of the man who had owned his mother. Discuss the things that he did while a boy on this farm, emphasizing especially his eager love of the things that grow. Talk about his journey to Kansas, dwelling upon the enjoyment which he experienced. Discuss the hard times Carver had in getting an education. Was it harder for him and for Booker Washington too because they were members of the Negro race? If so, in what ways was it harder? Discuss Carver's spirit and persistence which overcame even this handicap. Do you think Washington made a wise choice when he selected Carver to teach in Tuskegee Institute? Why? Discuss the difficulties Carver overcame when he first went to this institution. Make a list of the things which Carver derived from peanuts; from sweet potatoes. Talk about the uses to which these things may be put. What do you think about Carver's choice when he refused to comply with Edison's request to go North?

II. Activities associated with the problem

Make a careful selection of such activities as may be carried out successfully.

1. Keep the class interested in collecting any material which might bear on the persons studied or on Negro achievements in general.

2. Make a list of all the things you discover to have been made by Carver.

3. Encourage the members of the class to tell his story to someone outside the study group.

4. Practise Negro spirituals.

5. Have the children write the story of Carver. This will be necessary if the book project is to be carried out. It may be advisable to make special assignments rather than have the whole class do the same thing. In this case, see that the children all have a chance to make some contribution.

6. Let the group select some part of the story to put into practise in their own lives. For example, they might plan to cultivate knowledge and appreciation of birds, flowers, trees, rocks, etc.

7. Have the group write one sentence which will tell the distinguishing feature about Carver. They might try doing so in a single phrase.

8. If there is a suitable time and place for an excursion, the leader might take the group on a hike through the woods, directing attention to the outdoor world.

9. Suggest that the next lesson will be about an inventor. Ask one child to be able to tell what is meant by getting a patent on an invention.

III. Service activities

1. At each meeting there will be additional work to be done on the Book of Heroes. Anything which was left unfinished concerning Booker T. Washington should be completed at this time. The activity connected with Carver should be begun. His story, his picture, a list of the things he has made, quotations about him, are some of the things which might be included.

2. Continue plans for the dramatization. In addition to working out a suitable way to present Carver's work, the group might also begin to think about the persons they will ask to be present on the occasion of the play and where it shall be given.

IV. Worship

Leader. There is a passage of Scripture that says, "I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my strength." To George Carver that meant searching out the secrets hidden in the plant-life and soil. It meant that if we searched, we would find things there that would be strength to us. And indeed he has found this to be true. It is a wonderful gift to be able to take a small, commonplace thing, separate it into its parts, and from these elements make a material wholly different from the original. Around us now the outside world is calling, and none of us can guess what hidden treasure awaits us.

Scripture lesson. Read *Proverbs* 30:24-28

Prayer.

SESSION IV

Jan E. Metzelinger

Problem. To what extent did Jan Metzelinger add to the health, comfort, and happiness of the world?

Materials. Story (see page 34); pictures of a lasting machine; maps of the world and of the United States; materials for making the book.

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. Have the group learn the song, "Goin' to Shout All over God's Heav'n," (a spiritual) or have it played on the victrola. Talk about the meaning of the

song. Ask the children if the song might not have grown out of the fact that during slavery times the colored people often lacked many comforts, among them shoes. It is interesting to know that it was a Negro who found a quick way to make shoes.

Long ago shoes were all made by hand. Frequently they were very fancy, but when the first colonists landed in America, they felt the need of heavy plain shoes. The shoemaker travelled from house to house to make shoes for the family. No lasts on which to make the shoes were furnished, so he had to whittle from wood the size of the last which was needed. Usually he made a large wooden last to fit the biggest foot in the family, and then shaved it down to fit the smaller feet.

Then came the day when it was decided that the cobbler needed a shop. Accordingly, he was provided with a bench, a leather apron, a hammer, an awl, a knife, thread, needles, and such other things as were necessary. Another improvement soon followed. This was metal patterns for the uppers, the lowers, and the soles of every size of shoe which might be cut. The women helped to sew the uppers together. Clamps were used to hold the pieces of leather together while the sewer used the awl to make holes through which to draw the waxed threads. The shoemaker tacked a thin, inner sole to a wooden block shaped like a shoe. The upper was then put over the block and tacked down. He used pegs to tack on the heavy outer sole, and ran a wheel around the edge to mark the places for more pegs. He found it convenient to keep the pegs in his mouth. As he fitted each peg in the hole, he gave it a quick stroke with his hammer and it was fastened securely. Soon all the pegs were in, the bottom sole filed, scraped, and polished, its edge blacked, and the shoe was ready for use.

After a time it was agreed to combine all the shops rather than have so many separate ones. Each man in the shop had his special work. Some cut the uppers, others did the sewing, and yet others fastened the various parts together. This speeded up the progress; but even at that it took two men a day and a half to make a pair of shoes.

Then came shoe factories, in which, gradually, the industry came to be carried on largely by machinery. Needed inventions were introduced as they proved successful. But for many years there was no machine that could make lasts; they were still made by hand. It would, of course, mean wealth for the man who could invent a machine to shape shoes. And it would also be a wonderful advantage to the world to have such a machine because of the increased number of shoes that could be produced at a lower cost. Our story today is about a Negro who invented the lasting machine and thereby revolutionized the shoe industry.

Story. "We All Got Shoes." (Told by the leader.)

Discussion. Trace the processes that were used in making the shoes that the members of the class are wearing. Emphasize the number of people to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for our shoes. Talk about how difficult it once was for people to have shoes. How did it happen that all this was changed? Compare the value of Metzelinger's invention with other inventions.

If the dramatization is being planned, discuss reasons why Metzelinger should have a place on the roll of honor.

II. Activities connected with the problem

1. Ask the group to find out about other Negro inventors and report to the class.

2. If there is a shoe factory in the vicinity, it would be interesting to take the children on a sight-seeing tour so that they might see this machinery at work. If not, they might gain some idea of the process by visiting a local shoe repair shop.

3. Let the children collect data regarding changes in the making of shoes since Metzelinger's invention.

4. Allow children to volunteer to write his story.

5. Others may volunteer to write in just a few words that which best describes Metzelinger.

6. If any members of the class have visited a shoe factory, the patent office, or any other interesting place connected with this lesson, let them tell the class about it.

III. Service activities

1. Discuss the stories which have been written for the Book of Heroes, and select the one which seems most suitable. The miscellaneous material should be studied and the best of it selected for the book. The class might want to mention other great inventions, and find or draw pictures which represent them. The name they intend to give their book is another point to consider.

2. Have the class choose the distinctive feature in this story which ought to be emphasized in the missionary study play. If it has not already been suggested by the children, the teacher may remind them of the guests to be invited to witness the play. It would be well to ask a Negro group to be present or to offer to give the play for them at their school.

IV. Worship

Leader. The greatest people of all times have been the finest servants. And yet we sometimes think of those

who are servants as being less honorable than others. Even those who serve in a small way, and yet who serve well, deserve our gratitude and praise. How much honor should be given one who has given invaluable service, as Metzelinger has.

Scripture lesson. Read *Mark* 9: 33-35.

SESSION V

Matthew Henson

Problem. What recognition is due Matthew Henson for the discovery of the North Pole?

Materials. Story (see page 36); pictures of far Northern scenes, including snow, ice, Eskimos, Eskimo dogs, skis, sleds, etc.; map of the world.

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. Recall the gift of shoes which Metzelinger made to the world, emphasizing the fact that he has never been adequately recognized for this service. We now have a story of another man whose great exploits were overlooked for a number of years. He was an explorer who went to the North Pole with Robert E. Peary. Do you know the name of the man who was Peary's chief helper?

Story. "The Flying Spray." (Told by the leader.)

Story dramatization. The story of Peary and Henson lends itself to easy dramatization. All the members of

the class may have a part in this inasmuch as it will require a number to make up the entire expedition. Let the children, according to their own ideas, work out the scenes. These may include:

1. The boy, Henson, presenting himself to the sea captain.
2. Henson meeting Peary.
3. The preparation for the trip to the North Pole.
4. The journey, showing the falling away of all but three members of the party.
5. The planting of the United States flag at the North Pole.

Discussion. If the dramatization of the story is not undertaken, discussion may be carried out according to the outline in the preceding paragraph. The bravery and heroism of Henson should be especially emphasized. Even if the dramatization is undertaken, it would be well to take time at its close for a discussion of what Peary said about Henson. A member of the Demonstration Class in Nashville said, "I suppose we never heard of Henson because he is a Negro." "Yes," said another, "but Negroes deserve just as much credit for doing a thing as white people do." Talk about why Henson has not been recognized, and ways in which recognition might be given him. Does he deserve a place on our roll of honor?

II. Activities associated with the problem

1. On the world map have the children mark with a colored pencil every place mentioned in the story as having been visited by Henson.

2. Ask the children to volunteer to write the story of Henson. This may be done by several members of the class.

3. In the light of his own experience, ask each member of the class to consider how he needs to show courage. Does adventure alone require endurance and courage? Let each person decide individually the habit he needs to develop or the habits he needs to break. The "never-give-up" spirit of Henson can be put into practise.

4. Suggest that the children gather information regarding the expedition.

5. Continue the collection of clippings and pictures suitable for each story.

6. Draw pictures of a sledge, a ship, or an igloo. Perhaps make an igloo on the sand table.

III. Service activities

1. Let the class proceed with the work on the Book of Heroes. Always let them have some share in selecting the story. Plan so as to keep up their enthusiasm. Do not let too much material accumulate before it is properly arranged in the book. Use as much of the additional materials brought by the children as seems practical.

2. Those classes which are working on the roll of honor dramatization will wish to make some progress each time. If this activity is to express the thought of the group, it will be necessary to give it an important place in the plans for each lesson. Let the teacher be careful to guide the thinking of the group, but at the same time allow the class much freedom in expression. The desired results come only when the children are made to feel that the activity is their own.

IV. Worship

Leader. It is often in the little things that come up every day that we fail to learn courage. Then when

great difficulties appear, of course we do not have courage to face them. Can you picture Henson as he went through ice and snow in the Arctic as being afraid? His great courage did not come to him suddenly. It began to grow when he was a child, when his life was made up of just little things. (Distinguish carefully between courage and recklessness.)

Scripture lesson. Read *Matthew* 14:23-32.

Prayer.

SESSION VI

Roland Hayes

Problem. How has Roland Hayes helped people better to understand and appreciate one another?

Materials. Story (see page 44); pictures of Roland Hayes; magazine articles about Hayes, if available:[1] victrola records: "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "Steal Away to Jesus," sung by Roland Hayes.

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. Have a victrola and one or more records which have been made by Roland Hayes. Introduce the lesson by playing these records. The music will tend to create an atmosphere that will increase the effectiveness of the story.

Story. "A Boy with an Enchanted Voice." (Told by the leader.)

1 See *American Magazine* for May, 1925, and *The Mentor* for May, 1926.

Discussion. At the close of the story let the songs of Roland Hayes be played on the victrola again. The children may wish to talk about the song or the beautiful voice of the singer. It is surely true that everybody who helped Roland Hayes is very grateful that he was privileged to help give this great voice to the world. One of the children of the Demonstration Class described in this text asked why the lady and her daughter left the room when Roland Hayes came in. "Was it because he was a Negro?" she asked. And then she added, "I don't see any sense in their having done that." What do you think was the reason? Do you think this lady and her daughter helped Roland Hayes to become great? Who did help him? At this point discuss those who helped, of course including his mother, and ways in which they helped. How did he help himself? Talk about the things which hindered him, and the spirit in which he overcame these, emphasizing especially the difficulties he had in putting on a successful concert. Talk about how he must have felt on the night of his first great success. Discuss the fact that this wonderful voice is a gift of God to all the world.

II. Activities associated with the problem

1. Have the story of Roland Hayes written by one or more members of the class.

2. If it seems practical, the class might go as a body to a Negro school where they could hear the children sing their own songs. If this is attempted, be sure that the group will show the right spirit. It would be better not to attempt it at all than to give them an opportunity to show a superior attitude.

3. Ask several members of the group to search until they find other Negroes who have been recognized as

talented musicians. This type of work will require careful supervision and help from the teacher.

The spirit of Roland Hayes is expressed in a little poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar, entitled, "Keep a' Pluggin' Away."[1] Perhaps it could be memorized by the class:

III. Service activities

1. The work of the Book of Heroes should be well on the way by this time. The group will no doubt be anxious to reach some definite conclusion as to the final plans concerning it. To whom shall it be presented? When? In what particular way shall this be done? What shall be the name of the book? These questions should be brought up at an early date in order that the group may have time to think them over. The best story of Henson's life should be chosen, also the pictures which illustrate life in the icy regions of the North. Let the class suggest the Negro spirituals which they would like to include in the book.

2. Provide an opportunity for the class to suggest the ideas of this lesson which should be emphasized in the roll of honor dramatization. Let them work out what they conceive to be the most effective way in which to present the achievement of Roland Hayes.

If the play is being planned, decide what points shall be presented as reasons for placing the name of Roland Hayes on the tablet of fame. The class may wish to include others whose stories are not told in this book.

IV. Worship

Leader. It is surprising when one meets people who are renowned and famous to observe how humble they

1 See a volume of Dunbar's poetry.

are and how much they love simple things. The mother of Roland Hayes advised him "to remember who he was." She knew that one who is truly great must remember that others are just as good and as wise and as blessed as they; and that God loves the poor and unknown just as much as he does the most famous.

Scripture lesson. Read *Mark* 9:33-35.

Prayer.

SESSION VII

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Problem. In what way has Paul Laurence Dunbar, the poet, enriched the world and brought honor to America?

Materials. Book of poems by Dunbar; story (see page 52).

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. Ask someone to repeat the poem suggested in the last lesson. Read one or two other short poems of Dunbar's that will interest the children. Let them name the one they like the best and tell why they prefer it. Do you know who wrote these poems? Today we are going to learn the story of this poet's life.

Story. "Going Up, Sir!" (Told by the leader.)

Dramatization. The story of Dunbar lends itself splendidly to dramatization. Members of the class might well represent the following scenes:

1. Paul's teacher entering the elevator and inviting him to write a poem.
2. Paul's appearance before the Association of Writers. (One of his poems might be read at this point.)
3. Receiving compliments in the elevator.
4. Hurrying home to tell his mother.
5. Paul visiting the publisher.
6. The delivery of the books.
7. Paul and his mother opening the package and rejoicing together.

II. Activities associated with the problem

Let the class select some of Dunbar's poems, as well as poetry of other Negro authors, for the book.

III. Service activities

1. A part of this hour might be used to develop plans for the Book of Heroes, or for the dramatization development, in case that is the activity of the class.
2. Make someone acquainted with Dunbar's poems.

IV. Worship

Leader. Have you noticed how happy a person is when he is busy? Being occupied keeps one contented and adds an extra blessing in the accomplishment of the task. Busy people seldom get into any kind of trouble—you see, there isn't time for it. Paul Laurence Dunbar was ever active and diligent at his daily tasks, and kept his mind open to beautiful things all the while. By his talent and the way he applied it, Dunbar enriched our literature and brought fame to himself and honor to his race and to America.

Scripture lesson. Read *Proverbs* 10:4 and 5.

Prayer.

SESSION VIII

William DeBerry

Problem. How has William DeBerry shown himself to be a great preacher and leader?

Materials. Story (see page 56); picture; blackboard and chalk; materials for book or dramatization enterprise.

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. Most boys and girls think of the things they want to do when they grow to be men and women. Can you mention the work done by the men studied in these lessons when they were boys and young men? Our story today is about a man who was a porter on a Pullman car. When he was quite a young boy, he decided what he would do when he was a man. Let us hear how he changed his mind and came back to his first choice.

Story. "Seven O'Clock, Lady!" (Told by the leader.)

Discussion. The part of the story making the greatest impression on the members of the Nashville Demonstration Class was the incident connected with the dishonesty of a railroad conductor. This naturally leads to the discussion of the situation in which William DeBerry found himself. The courage it took in refusing to have a part in this wrong, the reasons why he refused, and the result of this courageous act.

Do you think that DeBerry's home life helped him to become strong and honest? Discuss his father and mother. The fact that he gave all of his first-earned money to his mother will reveal much concerning family

relationships. This may lead to a further discussion of some of DeBerry's boyhood experiences, revealing his pluck and determination. Why do you think the man in the Pullman office gave attention to William DeBerry while many others had been turned away? Why did the tailor trust him?

Why did William DeBerry decide to become a minister? Discuss fully the great work he is doing, showing how he is helping thousands of boys and girls to become true and honest. Lead the children to express themselves concerning his decision for his life work.

II. Activities associated with the problem

1. Let someone write the story of William DeBerry.

2. In all these stories we have heard how eager Negro mothers were to give their children a chance. DeBerry is helping poor boys and girls to get an education and to make a living. Find out if there is any place in your city which is helping Negro boys and girls.

3. See if you can discover what your denomination is doing to help educate the Negro.

4. Write out one important quality which seems outstanding in the life of William DeBerry.

5. The following lines of Tennyson seem to apply in a peculiar way to William DeBerry. Perhaps the class would like to learn them.

> True worth is in being, not seeming,
> In doing each day that goes by
> Some little good, not in dreaming
> Of great things to do by and by;
> For whatever men say in blindness,
> And spite of the fancies of youth,
> There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
> And nothing so royal as truth.

III. Service activities

1. Take up the stories which have been written and select the various materials that are to be put in the book. Bring the book up to date and include as great a variety of appropriate material as you are able to find.

2. Let the class begin work on a prayer. They might suggest the different things they wish to include, the special thoughts suggested by this and other lessons that might be suitable for a prayer. If preferred, each child might write a prayer to be included in the book.

3. Give the children an opportunity to tell what there is in the story of DeBerry which they can tell the sculptor in the roll of honor dramatization. Suggest any other ideas that need to be brought out with regard to the little play which will serve as an appropriate ending for the course.

IV. Worship

Leader. "An honest man is the noblest work of God." And one has to be neither rich nor wise nor great to be honest. The most important point in the early part of the life of DeBerry is shown in the story of his honesty as a porter. His success began when his honor prevailed. He would have failed and his lifework have gone unfulfilled if his honesty had not ruled him.

To try to build a successful life on wrong principles would be like building a skyscraper with a light framework for a foundation.

Scripture lesson. Read *Matthew* 7:24-27.

Prayer.

SESSION IX

Martha Drummer

Problem. How has Martha Drummer proved herself to be a brave messenger of Jesus?

Materials. Story (see page 65); pictures; map of Africa; materials for working on book or dramatization.

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. Recall the main points in the life of William DeBerry. They might be listed as follows:

1. He keeps his word.
2. He is persistent and determined.
3. He is unselfish.
4. He is always honest.
5. He is responsible for the big program undertaken by his church in Springfield.

We have many people who talk about changes for the better. Many of those who talk about improving conditions are also doing something to help. There are those, like Dr. DeBerry, who are doing a great work at home. There are others who take the message of God's love to countries that are far away. Africa is one of these countries. Do you know the names of any missionaries who have gone to Africa? Of course there have been many missionaries to Africa, and our story today is about a certain woman who responded to the call of Jesus to help thousands of people in that far-away country.

Story. "In a Far-Away Country."

Discussion. Find on the map the place where Martha Drummer worked. Discuss her courage as revealed: (1) in her dealing with the patron who refused to pay her honest debt; (2) in her determination to secure an education; (3) in her choice of a field of service; (4) in her manner of life in Africa; (5) in her travel through the country; (6) in the work she did for the people.

It may be that some members of the class know other missionaries to Africa. Comparisons of their work with that of Martha Drummer might be made. Let the class discuss the reasons why Martha Drummer should be on the roll of honor.

II. Activities associated with the problem

1. Select certain members of the group to write the story for the Book of Heroes.

2. The children may wish to draw a map of Africa for the book. On this map they might mark Quessua, the place where Miss Drummer works. Important rivers, harbors, mountains, cities, etc., may also be marked.

3. The class might work out together a prayer for Africa, to be used at the next meeting. Let the children suggest the things they would like to include in the prayer.

4. Suggest that the children find pictures which illustrate ways of traveling in Africa; also pictures of plants and birds found there.

5. Have the class discuss what points of this story should be emphasized in the missionary study play.

III. Service activities

Let the class plan some way to help missionary work in Africa. Encourage every suggestion, because the boys and girls may think of something new and satisfactory

which might not occur to an adult. In case suitable suggestions are not forthcoming, the following might be helpful to the leader:

1. The class might send enough money to their board to buy a helpful book for some worker in Africa.

2. They might help buy some of the equipment necessary for the medical work in Africa.

3. They could pray for the missionaries in Africa. There may be a particular one whom they can remember.

IV. Worship

Leader. Those who teach, care for the sick, help the poor and distressed, or tell the story of Jesus are rendering daily service for him. Jesus was continually helping the unfortunate ones and teaching those who gathered about him. Martha Drummer chose to follow in this way of life, and it is wonderful to think of the number of lives she has blessed. All about us, both here and in lands afar, are many who need the friendship we can give. One of the requirements of a follower of Jesus is to be helpful to others. Let us read what he says in *Matthew* 25: 34-40.

Prayer.

SESSION X

Daniel Hale Williams

Problem. How has Dr. Daniel Williams made a contribution to the medical profession?

Materials. Story (see page 72); map of United States; materials for making book.

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. Recall the work that Martha Drummer did to bring people who were ill and in distress back to health. Today we have the story of a man who helped people in this same way. He found a man dying. All the other doctors had lost hope of his recovery, but this doctor did a very daring thing—something that nobody else had ever ventured to do.

Story. "Another Daniel Who Dared." (Told by the leader.)

Discussion. Find on the map the places where Dr. Daniel Williams has lived. Daniel was born in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. Why did his family move to that town? Enter sympathetically with the children into the situation in which this eight-year-old boy found himself when all the family moved away leaving him behind. How did he get to his new home in Zanesville, Wisconsin? What was Daniel's first choice for a lifework? Discuss the reason for his not practicing law. Why do you think he chose to be a doctor? On the blackboard make a list of the things that Dr. Williams has done which you think have helped others in an unusual way. Include in this list

1. The operation performed on the man's heart. Show how much courage this took, and how it has made Dr. Williams famous among physicians.
2. The establishment of Provident Hospital. What was the incident which led to this? Discuss the value of this hospital to Negroes.
3. Clinics in Meharry College, the largest medical school for Negroes in the country. Show how this helped others to learn how to relieve suffering.
4. The reorganization of Freedman's Hospital in Washington at the request of President Cleveland.

5. His present work as Associate Surgeon in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, one of the largest hospitals in the city.

Let the class discuss the place they think Dr. Daniel Williams should have among the doctors of our country.

II. Activities associated with the problem

1. Select someone or several members of the class to write the story of Dr. Daniel Williams for the Book of Heroes.

2. Gather pictures of hospitals and clinics to illustrate the story.

3. Work on the story of Dr. Williams' achievements, to be used in the missionary study play.

4. Ask the class to make a list of all the characters we have studied, also the outstanding contribution that each has made to the world.

III. Service activities

1. Learn about the hospitals in your community where Negroes may go for treatment. If there are Negro children in the hospitals, plan to send or take to them something that you think they would like to have.

2. If you prefer, some ministry to children who are sick in their homes may be planned. The information necessary may be secured from a teacher or a Negro minister.

IV. Worship

Leader. It is fitting that great honor should come to one who has given himself with all his might to his work. When we take up the profession which is to be our life-work, we must do so with sincere love for it; then if we continue with earnestness and thoughtfulness, honor will

come as one of the rewards. It is a source of true happiness to know that one has succeeded in a great task. Underlying all honor and success, however, is understanding and application to one's work.

Scripture. *Proverbs* 3: 13-16.

Prayer.

SESSION XI

Mary McLeod Bethune

Problem. In what way has Mary McLeod Bethune shown that she has the courage and the ability to be a leader of her people?

Materials. Story (see page 78); pictures; materials for book or dramatization.

I. Lesson presentation

Approach. How many women have we studied about in this course? Our story today is about another Negro woman who has done a great work. In fact, someone has said that she is the Booker T. Washington of the women of her race. As we hear her story, we shall be better able to decide how her experience compares with his.

Story. "What Shall We Name Her?" (Told by the leader.)

Dramatization. It is suggested that the story of Mary Bethune be impressed upon the group by an impromptu dramatization of incidents in her life. The scenes may be worked out as follows:

1. Mary hoeing cotton and leading the workers in singing folk-songs.
2. The family receiving news that a school is to be started in their community.
3. The teacher tells Mary that she may go away to school.
4. Mary in the new school.
5. Mary in Daytona, Florida, starting a school, with only $1.50 in her pocket.
6. The teacher and her pupils singing folk-songs in the city.
7. Trying to get help from the groceryman and a friend.
8. Inspection day.
9. A large and prosperous school.
10. Mary Bethune presiding at a great woman's meeting and presenting the dressmaker who helped her to get an education.

II. Activities associated with the problem

1. Have some of the children write the story of Mary McLeod Bethune's life.

2. Trace on the map all the places mentioned in the story which are connected with her experience.

3. Work on the points which should be emphasized in the missionary study play.

4. If time allows, the book which the class is making should be brought up to date. All material thus far collected should be inserted.

III. Service activities

Talk about ways to help the Negroes who live in your community. Mary Bethune found ways; can we? If this question is to be discussed, the teacher should be acquainted with some definite needs of the Negroes that are within the power of the children to supply. They might carry out some of the following suggestions:

1. Furnish a book for a local school or Sunday school library.
2. Make scrap-books for sick children or for a day nursery.
3. Give clothing to a child who is in need.
4. Furnish a ball and bat or some other inexpensive articles for a playground that may lack equipment.

Many other simple ways of serving will occur to those in touch with local needs. If any plan of expressing helpfulness and good-will is decided upon, it should by all means be carried out.

IV. Worship

Leader. "The hand of God is upon all that seek him, for good." When anyone desires to do good things, God reaches his hand toward him to bless him in fulfilling the mission. Once a man believed that God had laid his hands on him, intending him to lead a scattered people back to their city, to rebuild it and to re-establish themselves as a nation. With this purpose in his heart, the man called his people together. Fired by the sincerity of their leader, they set their strength to the work, and in less than two months the city was rebuilt. God's hand was over this man and blessed the work.

Scripture. *Nehemiah* 2:17-18; 6:15-16.

Prayer.

SESSION XII

Great Achievements

The importance of this lesson. This last session is one of the most important in the entire course. It presents an opportunity to bring before the class the largeness of Negro contribution to the world, including the service for the everyday life and outstanding achievements.

It is not just now and then that Negroes achieve—they are rapidly coming to the place where they can furnish an equal percentage with the white race of those who have risen above the common level of life. In order to impress upon the pupils this fact, additional material in the way of short sketches is furnished in the story material of this text (see pages 86-96). The whole course has been planned to increase the respect of the children for the Negro race—to help them to feel that in this race there are wonderful and valuable personalities. The last lesson should reveal this objective in a very definite way, and should help the children to express a sense of gratitude for those who have made us all more happy and comfortable.

I. Lesson presentation

The teacher may prepare a roll of honor on the blackboard. Ask the children to give the names of those who they think deserve a place on this roll. As a name is called, let the child who gave it write it on the roll. After each name write the word that will indicate the achievement of that individual. The roll might read somewhat as follows:

Booker T. Washington, executive and statesman
George W. Carver, scientist
Jan E. Metzelinger, inventor
Matthew Henson, explorer
Roland Hayes, singer
Paul Laurence Dunbar, poet
Martha Drummer, missionary
Mary Bethune, teacher
William DeBerry, preacher
Daniel H. Williams, physician

There are many others of the Negro race who have also achieved. The children may know some whose names they will wish to add. The teacher should be prepared to tell briefly of some others who have accomplished noteworthy things. She should include a few teachers, preachers and missionaries of her own denomination.

When the names of the noted ones have all been listed, lead the group to think of the multitudes of others whose names we never hear—those who help in so many ways to make life easier for us. Nearly every child in the entire country is served in some way by the toil of these. The teacher will need to adapt this part of the lesson to the section of the country in which she lives, but below is a suggested plan. Be sure to keep the discussion of what we call lowly service on the high plane of a real contribution to life.

II. Points for class discussion (*Suggestive*)

Ask the class if they can think of any comfort or necessity of life that comes to them through work done by Negroes. The following points may be developed.

1. Some may say their food is cooked by a Negro. This will lead the discussion to the raising of food, which

is done in the South largely by Negroes, who work in the fields and in the truck gardens. Much of what they raise is shipped to other parts of the country. Try to think what it would mean to be deprived of all this service which provides our food.

2. Some child may suggest something connected with clothing. Much of the cotton we use is the result of Negro labor—it is grown, cultivated, picked, ginned, baled, hauled, and loaded by them. Every child who wears a cotton garment probably owes a debt of gratitude to some Negro for this service.

3. Then there is so much that is connected with travel that can be discussed. The hard labor of building the wonderful public highways and the railroads over which we travel and over which our necessities of life are hauled is to a great extent theirs.

4. Many of this race have rendered great personal service through deeds of heroism. The children may know some Negro in their own communities who has performed deeds of daring.

III. Activities associated with the problem

1. The classes which plan to present the play will need to plan in detail and to practise their parts. It may be necessary to arrange for an extra meeting in order to be sure that everything will move along smoothly.

2. The last details of the Book of Heroes should have been arranged by this time. If any pictures, clippings, stories, songs, prayers, sayings, etc., remain unfinished, plans should be made to have them on hand so that everything may be concluded at this final session. If it is necessary, the class may assemble for an extra session.

IV. Service activities

1. If Negroes live in your community, some simple service to some of them should be planned—a service which will be a sincere expression of good-will and worthy of the best effort of the class.

2. If the class has made books, one may be given to a group of Negro children. If the play has been worked up, it should be presented before a Negro group.

V. Worship

There is not a single member in any of our families whom we could do without. The father has a distinct place to fill, and of course the mother is absolutely necessary to each one of us. Then when we think of the other members, there is not one whom we feel that we could do without and be happy. So it is with God's great family. There are many different races in his family, but they are all important to him and necessary one to another. Read *I Corinthians* 12:14-25. In this letter Paul shows how necessary people are to each other. He makes this very clear by telling the way God has knitted together the parts of our bodies. How very foolish it would be for any boy or girl to decide that his eye or his ear or his arm could be dispensed with. It is just as unwise for us to think that we can neglect or treat badly any part of God's family, for this family is all one, and when any part is hated or unloved or mistreated or unappreciated, the whole family suffers.

Prayer. Let the prayer be one of thanksgiving for all the good things that come to us though the loving toil of others. Before the prayer is offered, the class may mention things for which they wish to thank the Heavenly Father.

WE WILL BE SCULPTORS

A Suggested Outline for Dramatization

By Mrs. Wrenne Bomar

Mrs. Wrenne Bomar of Brentwood, Tennessee, told the stories contained in this text to a group of children. From them, the boys and girls, together with Mrs. Bomar, worked out a missionary play which they gave before the adult missionary society of their church. The outline of this play is given below. Suggestions are made in the lesson material for its use as a service activity. The outline may be changed or modified. The lines used in presenting the names of the heroes should be original. The names presented need not necessarily include all that have been studied; others may be substituted for these, if desired. The stories told by the children should be their own. They should be told in a natural way. They should be interesting and not long, and should present in a clear way the reasons why the persons chosen should have a place on the roll of honor.

Setting. The setting should be plain. A blue light might well be used. If curtains or draperies are used, they should be of bluish-gray material. Everything is quiet and serene. There is nothing to be seen except a child standing near a small scaffold in the middle of the stage, on which is a large stone. A box wrapped in gray cloth may be used to represent this stone.

The child is the sculptor. He is dressed in a white smock and has a measuring stick or tape, and is at work with his stone. He works in silence for a few moments after the lights come on.

Another child enters, carrying a tray containing instruments for carving. He is dressed in white, but more simply than the first child, for he is the assistant.

The other persons in the play are the children who have studied the characters of this book.

ASSISTANT: Are these the instruments that will be needed?

SCULPTOR: Yes, those are right. Are they freshly ground?

ASSISTANT: It seems to me they are quite sharp. What will be the design for the work today?

SCULPTOR: A plain-faced tablet on which names are to be engraved.

ASSISTANT: Names? Of whom?

SCULPTOR: It is to be an unusual list, and will contain the names of people who have rendered some very special service to mankind. There will be those whose works have never been well recognized, and some whose works were noted but about which no degree of gratitude was ever expressed.

ASSISTANT: Do you suppose that it was in the hearts of the people to seem ungrateful?

SCULPTOR: No, it was a circumstance, I think; a condition which caused a sort of blindness on the part of many. Time is helping to overcome that, and today we are giving an opportunity to any who may wish to come here and make amends by presenting the names of anyone whom they think deserving. If you hear the knocker, go and admit any person you find at the door.

The sculptor goes ahead with his work, to which he has given a sort of subconscious attention even as he talked. His movement must not detract from his words, however, but add action to the scene and thus make it appear more natural. There is silence for an instant as he carefully measures and marks with his crayon. This silence will emphasize the sound of the knocker, which should be clear and sweet, more like a chime than a gong.

SCULPTOR: (*To* ASSISTANT) Answer!

The Assistant opens the door and two girls enter quietly.

ELSIE: Is this the Chamber of Records? And are you the person in charge?

SCULPTOR: I am the engraver in charge here. What do you wish?

ELSIE: We have come to ask if two names might be added to your list for the new record. There are two people whose stories many people have never heard, whose names we want to ask you to preserve.

SCULPTOR: Are they deserving?

ELSIE: Indeed they are! But you shall hear. (*She tells very briefly the story of George W. Carver, scientist.*)

GRACE: (*With much vigor*) Is he not most deserving? Oh, I think that is such an interesting story. But no more so than that of Matthew Henson, the explorer. (*She tells Henson's story.*)

SCULPTOR: I wish that people everywhere could hear those stories. There is no one who would deny these

men a place upon this stone. (*He writes on a tablet as he speaks. Then he turns to the Assistant.*) The door, again!

GRACE: Do you mind if we stay? We are eager to hear other names that may be suggested.

SCULPTOR: You are welcome to remain. (*Turning to Edgar, who has just entered*) Enter, please, and state the purpose of your visit.

EDGAR: There is a name that I want to ask you to place on your list before it is completed. Let me tell you whose it is! (*He tells briefly the reasons why Metzelinger, the inventor, should be honored.*)

SCULPTOR: Indeed I shall add the name of Metzelinger. (*He writes the name as before.*) Stand here, I hear voices of others who may possibly have come on a similar mission.

The Assistant admits John, Edith, and Josephine.

JOHN: We have come to bring the names of some who have given great service to the world, and yet might be overlooked. I want to tell you the story of Dr. Williams. (*The story follows.*)

EDITH: (*Stepping forward*) And the name I wish to mention is that of Paul Laurence Dunbar. (*Relates story.*) And now, Josephine, tell your story.

JOSEPHINE: (*Tells the story of Booker T. Washington, withholding the name until the end.*)

SCULPTOR: Each name you mention deserves to be engraved upon this tablet. And you have done well to get acquainted with the lives of such inspiring people. The world owes them much gratitude.

The Assistant opens the door for Frank and William.

SCULPTOR: (*Turning to them*) Are there still others who ought to be mentioned in this list?

FRANK: Please wait until you have heard us tell a bit about their lives before you decide. I bring the name of William DeBerry. (*Tells story.*)

WILLIAM: And I bring the name of Martha Drummer. (*Story follows.*)

MARY: (*Rushing in at the very end of William's story*) Am I too late?

SCULPTOR: We have heard unusual stories of some great men and women, and we will gladly hear yours too.

MARY: (*Speaking eagerly*) The name I choose is Roland Hayes. (*Continues with story.*)

SCULPTOR: (*Writing*) And I shall add the name of Roland Hayes. You have chosen, each of you, names worthy of honor and gratitude from people everywhere. Tell your stories to others just as you have told them to me, and sincere people will accept them with joy and gratefulness.

ELSIE: I have heard all the stories, and I cannot help saying how greatly I am stirred by them. They are stories of real heroes. Oh, I wish I were a sculptor as you are! I would go back to my home today and carve a monument for them that would arouse the world.

OTHERS: Yes! So would I! And so would I!

SCULPTOR: (*Coming away from his work toward the front of the stage, the children gathering about him in a semicircle*) But you *are* sculptors! Each of you! And each of you can give to the world a living monument of these heroes.

GIRLS: (*Interrupting with eager exclamations*) How? How?

SCULPTOR: For your instruments, use words. For your stone, use the hearts of the people. Tell the stories everywhere. They will be the living monuments that will speak more clearly than pictures drawn in stone. Once these stories are told to a person, they will live forever in his heart. So you too are sculptors. I shall carve their names upon this stone! You will carve their names upon the hearts of their fellowmen! Teach them to honor these names. They will be living monuments.

CHILDREN: (*In strong and earnest tones*) It will be so! It will be so! We will be sculptors!

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Background

Basis of Racial Adjustment, The. THOMAS J. WOOFTER, JR. Ginn & Co., Boston. 1925. $1.40.

Finding a Way Out. ROBERT R. MOTON. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I. 1920. $2.50.

Gift of Black Folk, The. W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS. The Stratford Company, Boston. 1924. $2.

In the Vanguard of a Race. L. H. HAMMOND. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1922. $1.

Life and Works of Paul Laurence Dunbar, The. LIDA KECK WIGGINS. J. L. Nichols & Co., Naperville, Ill. $2.25.

Negro Faces America, The. HERBERT J. SELIGMAN. C. S. Nathan, New York. 1924. $1.

Negro in Our History, The. CARTER GODWIN WOODSON. Associated Publishers, Washington, D. C. 1927. (Fourth edition.) $2.65.

New Negro, The. Edited by ALAIN LEROY LOCKE. Albert & Charles Boni, New York. 1925. $5. Contains sections on art, literature, fiction, poetry, drama, music, and history, and has extensive bibliography.

Negro Year Book, The. An annual encyclopedia of the Negro. Negro Year Book Publishing Co., Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Ala. $1.

Short History of the American Negro. BENJAMIN BRAWLEY. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1919. $2.

Social History of the American Negro. BENJAMIN BRAWLEY. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1921. $4.

Souls of Black Folk, The. W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $2.

Trend of the Races, The. GEORGE E. HAYNES. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1922. 75 cents.

Up from Slavery. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, L. I. 1909. $2.

Poetry

Band of Gideon. JOSEPH S. COTTER, JR. Cornhill Co., Boston. Out of print but available in many public libraries.

Book of American Negro Poetry. Edited by JAMES WELDON JOHNSON. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. 1922. $1.75.

Color. COUNTÉE CULLEN. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1925. $2.

Complete Poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 1913. $2.50.

Negro Folk Rhymes: Wise and Otherwise—With a Study. THOMAS W. TALLEY. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1922. $2.25.

House of Falling Leaves, with Other Poems. William Stanley Braithwaite. John W. Luce & Co., Boston. Out of print but available in many public libraries.

Lyrics of Life and Love. William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 1904.

Wings of Oppression. Leslie Pinkney Hill. The Stratford Company, Boston. Out of print but available in many public libraries.

Music

Afro-American Folk Songs. Henry E. Krehbiel. G. Schirmer, New York. 1914. $4.

Book of American Negro Spirituals. 2 volumes. Edited by James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press, New York. 1925 and 1926. $3.50 each.

Folk Songs of American Negro. John W. and Frederick J. Work. H. A. French, Nashville. 1907. 60 cents.

Negro Folk Songs. (Hampton series.) Natalie Curtis-Burlin. G. Schirmer, New York. 50 cents per copy; $2 complete.

Negro Spirituals. (Single sheets containing music and words) "Swing Low." "Lord, I Want to Be a Christian." "Poor Lil' Brack Sheep." "I Want to Be Ready." "Going to Shout All Over God's Heaven." "It's Me, Standing in the Need of Prayer." "Steal Away to Jesus." Board of National Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. 5 cents per copy.

Phonograph records of many spirituals may be obtained from your local dealer.

References for Children's Reading

Handicapped Winners, The. Sara Estelle Haskin. Lamar and Whitmore, Nashville. 1922. 50 cents.

Magic Box, The. Anita B. Ferris. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1922. 65 cents.

Unsung Heroes. Elizabeth Ross Haynes. Published by the author, 238 West 122d Street, New York. 1921. $2.25.

Books on method

Dramatization of Bible Stories, The. Elizabeth Erwin Miller. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 1918. $1.25.

Junior Method in the Church School. Marie Cole Powell. Abingdon Press, New York. 1923. $1.25.

Missionary Education of Juniors, The. Jean Gertrude Hutton. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1927. $1.

Projects in World Friendship. John Leslie Lobingier. Missionary Education Movement, New York. 1925. $1.25.